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MEMORIAL

[Robert Gould Shaw]

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War Department,
Washington City, January 26, 1863.

Ordered,

That Governor Andrew of Massachusetts is authorized, until further orders, to raise such number of Volunteer Companies of Artillery for duty in the forts of Massachusetts and elsewhere, and such corps of Infantry for the volunteer military service, as he may find convenient; such volunteers to be enlisted for three years, or until sooner discharged, and may include persons of African descent, organized into separate corps. He will make the usual needful requisitions on the appropriate staff-bureaus and officers for the proper transportation, organization, supplies, subsistence, arms, and equipments of such volunteers.

Edwin M. Stanton,

Secretary of War.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.
BOSTON, January 30, 1863.

FRANCIS G. SHAW, ESQ., *Staten Island, N. Y.*

DEAR SIR:

As you may have seen by the newspapers, I am about to raise a Coloured Regiment in Massachusetts. This I cannot but regard as perhaps the most important corps to be organized during the whole war, in view of what must be the composition of our new levies, and, therefore, I am very anxious to organize it judiciously in order that it may be a model for all future Coloured Regiments.

I am desirous to have for its officers, particularly for its field officers, young men of military experience, of firm Antislavery principles, ambitious, superior to a vulgar contempt for colour, and having faith in the capacity of coloured men for military service. Such officers must be necessarily gentlemen of the highest tone and honour, and I shall look for them in those circles of educated Antislavery society, which, next to the coloured race itself, has the greatest interest in the success of this experiment.

Reviewing the young men of the character I have described, now in the Massachusetts service, it occurs to me to offer the Colonelcy of such a Regiment to your son, Captain Shaw of the Second Massachusetts Infantry, and the Lieutenant-Colonelcy to Captain Hallowell of the Twentieth Massachusetts Infantry, the son of Mr. Morris L. Hallowell of Philadelphia.

With my deep conviction of the importance of this undertaking, in view of the fact that it will be the first Coloured Regiment to be raised in the Free States, and that its success, or its failure, will go far to elevate, or to

depress, the estimation in which the character of the Coloured Americans will be held throughout the world, the command of such a regiment seems to me to be a high object of ambition for any officer. How much your son may have reflected upon such a subject I do not know, nor have I any information of his disposition for such a task, except what I have derived from his general character and reputation; nor should I wish him to undertake it, unless he could enter upon it with a full sense of its importance, with an earnest determination for its success, and with the assent, sympathy, and support of his immediate family. I therefore beg to enclose to you the letter in which I make him the offer of this commission, and I will be obliged to you if you will forward it to him, accompanying it with any expression to him of your own views, and if you will also write to me upon the subject.

My mind is drawn towards Captain Shaw by many considerations. I am sure that he would attract the support, sympathy, and active co-operation of many besides his immediate family and relatives. The more ardent, faithful, true Republicans and friends of Liberty would recognize in him a scion of a tree whose fruit and leaves have alike contributed to the strength and healing of our generation. So, also, is it with Captain Hallowell. His Father is a Quaker gentleman of Philadelphia, two of whose sons are officers in our regiments, and another is a merchant in Boston. Their house in Philadelphia is a hospital, almost, for Massachusetts officers, and the family are full of good works; Mr. H. being my constant adviser in the interest of our soldiers, when ill or in distress, in that city. I need not add that young Captain Hallowell is a gallant and fine fellow, true as steel to the cause of Humanity, as well as to the Flag of the Country.

I wish to engage the field officers, and then get their aid

in selecting those of the line. I have offers from Oliver T. Beard, of Brooklyn, N. Y., late Lieutenant-Colonel of the Forty-eighth New York Volunteers, who says he can already furnish six hundred men; and from others, wishing to furnish men from New York and from Connecticut, but I do not wish to start the regiment under a stranger to Massachusetts. If in any way, by suggestion or otherwise, you can aid the purpose which is the burden of this letter, I shall receive your co-operation with the heartiest gratitude.

I do not wish the office to go begging, and if the offer is refused, I would prefer its being kept reasonably private. Hoping to hear from you immediately on receiving this letter, I am, with high regard,

Your obedient servant and friend,

JOHN A. ANDREW.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

BOSTON, January 30, 1863.

CAPT. ROBERT G. SHAW, *2d Reg. Mass. Vol. Inf.*

CAPTAIN:

I am about to organize in Massachusetts a Coloured Regiment as part of the volunteer quota of this State, — the commissioned officers to be white men. I have to-day written to your Father, expressing to him my sense of the importance of this undertaking, and requesting him to forward to you this letter, in which I offer to you the commission of Colonel over it. The Lieutenant-Colonelcy I have offered to Captain Hallowell of the Twentieth Mas-

sachusetts Regiment. It is important to the organization of this Regiment that I should receive your reply to this offer at the earliest day consistent with your ability to arrive at a deliberate conclusion on the subject.

Respectfully and very truly yours

JOHN A. ANDREW,
Governor of Massachusetts.

Telegram.

STAFFORD COURT HOUSE, VA., February 6, 1863.

FRANCIS G. SHAW, 86 *Trinity Building, N. Y.*

Please telegraph to Governor Andrew that I accept.

ROBERT GOULD SHAW.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.
BOSTON, February 9, 1863.

HON. E. M. STANTON, *Sec. War, Washington.*

SIR:

I have designated Captain Robert Gould Shaw, of Second Massachusetts Volunteers, to be Colonel of Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteers, and I desire for him leave of absence to come here and assist me in its recruitment, but mainly in examining line officers.

I am very respectfully, &c., &c.,

JOHN A. ANDREW,
Governor of Massachusetts.

Boston, February 12, 1863.

My dear Shaw:

My acquaintance with you is so slight that I am not sure I do not take a liberty in writing to you, at this time. I shall do so, however, and leave the results to you. It was only the other day that we heard through Morse of your acceptance of the command of the First Massachusetts Africans. Doubtless you have done so with trepidation enough on your own part, and with a sufficiency of lamentation on the part of your friends, but rest assured you have done a good thing. I could not myself do what you and Hallowell have done, and so I respect it the more; but as sure as you and I live the allotted years of man, we shall live to see the day when all will confess that you were right, and wonder how the world could have been so wrong. My brother writes to me, urging me, too, to go into the scheme. It is out of the question, however. Theoretically, I see that the army is the true school for the education of the Blacks; practically, I feel that in black regiments, properly organized, is to be found the best solution of our troubles, and I fairly acknowledge no small admiration for those practical philanthropists who dare to meet the question fairly, and to act up to their views; but I can't do it myself, or can do it only to incur certain failure. That does not, however, interfere with my hearty good wishes for your own success. Of that I do not feel sure, but, whether success crowns this particular experiment or not, I *do* feel sure that ultimate historical events will surely justify your course.

Excuse my letter, and believe me

Your sincere well-wisher,

——— ———

Extracts from Letters from R. G. Shaw.

Boston, February 16, 1863.

. . . . . I arrived here yesterday morning; things are going on very well, and I think there is no doubt of our ultimate success. . . . . .

. . . . . I took a long drive with the Governor, and I liked him very much. His views about the regiment are just what I should wish. . . . . .

. . . . . We go into camp at Readville. We have a great deal of work before us. The pay is $13 per month, the same as white soldiers receive. . . . . .

March 17, 1863.

. . . . . The regiment continues to flourish. Yesterday we had some officers out to take a look at the men. They all went away very much pleased. Some were very sceptical about it before, but say, now, that they shall have no more doubt of negroes making good soldiers. . . . . .

March 25.

. . . . . If the success of the Fifty-fourth gives you so much pleasure, I shall have no difficulty in giving you good news of it whenever I write. Everything goes on prosperously. The intelligence of the men is a great surprise to

me. They learn all the details of guard duty and camp service infinitely more readily than most of the Irish I have had under my command. There is not the least doubt that we shall leave the State with as good a regiment as any that has marched. . . . . .

March 30.

. . . . . The mustering officer who was here to-day is a Virginian, and has always thought it was a great joke to try to make soldiers of "*Niggers*"; but he tells me now that he had never mustered in so fine a set of men, though about twenty thousand have passed through his hands since September. The sceptics need only to come out here to be converted. . . . . .

May 18.

. . . . . The Governor handed me to-day a telegram from the Secretary of War, saying: "*The Fifty-fourth Massachusetts will report to General Hunter. Make requisitions, so that they may go at once.*". . . . .

PRESENTATION OF COLOURS TO THE FIFTY-FOURTH REGIMENT.

May 19.

The ranks of the 54th Regiment having been filled, the presentation of regimental colours took place yesterday noon, at their camp at Readville, and was attended with a ceremony of unusual brilliancy and effect. The morning train to Readville was not only completely filled with a numerous gathering of prominent individuals who have been interested in the formation of the regiment, but nine or ten extra passenger cars were required, to accommodate the hundreds of coloured persons of both sexes who have a personal interest in the Fifty-fourth. A large number of ladies, friends of the officers, added brilliancy to the ceremony. The presentation speech was made by Governor Andrew, who was accompanied by his military staff in uniform.

The regiment was formed in a hollow square, the distinguished persons present occupying the centre. The flags were four in number, comprising a National flag, presented by young coloured ladies of Boston; a National ensign, presented by the "Coloured Ladies' Relief Society"; an emblematic banner, presented by ladies and gentlemen of Boston, friends of the regiment; and a flag, presented by relatives and friends of the late Lieutenant Putnam. The emblematic banner was of white silk, handsomely embroidered, having on one side a figure of the Goddess of Justice, with the words "Liberty, Loyalty, and Unity" around it. The fourth flag bore a cross with a blue field, surmounted with the motto, "*In hoc signo vinces.*" All were of the finest texture and workmanship.

Prayer having been offered by Rev. Mr. Grimes, Governor Andrew presented the various flags with the following speech.

Colonel Shaw: As the official representative of the Commonwealth, and by favour of various ladies and gentlemen, citizens of the Commonwealth, and friends of the Fifty-fourth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, I have the honour and the satisfaction of being permitted to join you this morning for the purpose of presenting to your regiment the National Flag, the State Colours of Massachusetts, and the emblematic Banner which the cordial, generous, and patriotic friendship of its patrons has seen fit to present to you.

Two years of experience in all the trials and vicissitudes of war, attended with the repeated exhibition of Massachusetts regiments marching from home to the scenes of strife, have left little to be said, or suggested, which could give the interest of novelty to an occasion like this. But, Mr. Commander, one circumstance pertaining to the composition of the Fifty-fourth Regiment, exceptional in its character when compared with anything we have seen before, gives to this hour an interest and an importance, solemn and yet grand, because the occasion marks an era in the history of the war, of the commonwealth, of the country, and of humanity. I need not dwell upon the fact that the enlisted men, constituting the rank and file of the Fifty-fourth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, are drawn from a race not hitherto connected with the fortunes of the war. And yet I cannot forbear to allude to the circumstance, because I cannot but contemplate it for a brief moment, since it is uppermost in your thoughts, and since this regiment, which for many months has been the desire of my own heart, is present now before this vast assemblage of friendly citizens of Massachusetts, prepared to vindicate by its future, as it has already begun to do by its brief history of camp-life here, to vindicate in its own person, and in the presence, I trust, of all who belong to it, the character, the manly character, the zeal, the

manly zeal, of the coloured citizens of Massachusetts, and of those other States which have cast their lot with ours.

I owe to you, Mr. Commander, and to the officers who, associated with you, have assisted in the formation of this noble corps, composed of men selected from among their fellows for fine qualities of manhood, — I owe to you, Sir, and to those of your associates who united with me in the original organization of this body, the heartiest and most emphatic expression of my cordial thanks. I shall follow you, your officers, and your men, with a friendly and personal solicitude, to say nothing of official care, which can hardly be said of any other corps which has marched from Massachusetts. My own personal honour, if I have any, is identified with yours. I stand or fall, as a man and a magistrate, with the rise and fall in the history of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment. I pledge, not only in behalf of myself, but of all whom I have the honour to represent to-day, the utmost generosity, the utmost kindness, the utmost devotion of hearty love, not only for the cause, but for you who represent it; we will follow your fortunes in the camp and in the field with the anxious eyes of brethren, and the proud hearts of citizens.

To these men of Massachusetts, and of the surrounding States, who have now made themselves citizens of Massachusetts, I have no word to utter fit to express the emotions of my heart. These men, Sir, have now, in the Providence of God, given to them an opportunity which, while it is personal to themselves, is still an opportunity for a whole race of men. With arms, possessed of might to strike a blow, they have found breathed into their hearts an inspiration of devoted patriotism and regard for their brethren of their own colour, which has inspired them with a purpose to nerve that arm, that it may strike a blow which, while it shall help to raise aloft their country's Flag, — *their* country's

Flag, now, as well as ours, — by striking down the foes which oppose it, strikes also the last blow, I trust, needful to rend the last shackles which bind the limbs of the bondman in the rebel States.

I know not, Sir, when, in all human history, to any given thousand men in arms, there has been committed a work at once so proud, so precious, so full of hope and glory, as the work committed to you. And may the infinite mercy of Almighty God attend you every hour of every day, through all the experiences and vicissitudes of that dangerous life in which you have embarked! May the God of our fathers cover your heads in the day of battle! May He shield you with the arms of everlasting Power! May He hold you always, most of all, first of all, and last of all, up to the highest and holiest conception of duty, so that if, on the field of stricken fight, your souls shall be delivered from the thraldom of the flesh, your spirits shall go home to God, bearing aloft the exulting thought of duty well performed, of glory and reward won, even at the hands of the angels who shall watch over you from above!

You, Sir, and most of your officers, have been carefully selected from among the most intelligent and experienced officers who have already performed illustrious service upon the field during the last two years of our national conflict. I need not say, Sir, with how much confidence and with how much pride we contemplate the leadership which we know this regiment will receive at your hands. In yourself, Sir, your staff, and line officers, we are enabled to declare a confidence which knows no hesitation and no doubt. Whatever fortune betide you, we know, from the past, that all will be done for the honour of the cause, for the protection of the flag, for the defence of the right, for the glory of your country, and for the safety and the honour of these men whom we commit to you, which shall lie either in the human heart, or brain, or arm.

And now, Sir, it is my most agreeable duty and high honour, to hand to you, as the representative of the Fifty-fourth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, the American Flag, the "star-spangled banner" of the Republic. Wherever its folds shall be unfurled, it will mark the path of glory. Let its stars be the inspiration of yourself, your officers, and your men! As the gift of the young ladies of the city of Boston to their brethren in arms, they will cherish it as the lover cherishes the recollection and fondness of his mistress; and the white stripes of its field will be red with their blood before it shall be surrendered to the foe.

I have also the honour, Sir, to present to you the State Colours of Massachusetts, — the State Colours of the Old Bay-State, — borne already by fifty-three regiments of Massachusetts soldiers, — white men, thus far; — now to be borne by the Fifty-fourth Regiment of soldiers, not less of Massachusetts than the others. Whatever may be said, Mr. Commander, of any other flag which has ever kissed the sunlight, or been borne on any field, I have the pride and honour to be able to declare before you, your regiment, and these witnesses, that, from the beginning until now, the State colours of Massachusetts have never been surrendered to any foe. The Fifty-fourth now holds in possession this sacred charge, in the performance of their duties as citizen-soldiers. You will never part with that flag, so long as a splinter of the staff or a thread of its web remains in your grasp. The State Colours are presented to the Fifty-fourth by the Relief Society, composed of coloured ladies of Boston.

And now let me commit to you this splendid emblematic banner. It has been prepared for your acceptance by a large and patriotic committee, representing many others beside ladies and gentlemen of Boston, to whose hearty sympathy, and powerful co-operation and aid, much of the success

which has hitherto attended the organization of this regiment is due. The Goddess of Liberty, erect in beautiful guise and form, — Liberty, Loyalty, and Unity are the emblems it bears. The Goddess of Liberty shall be the lady-love whose fair presence shall inspire your hearts. Liberty, Loyalty, Unity, — the watchwords in the fight.

And now, Mr. Commander, the sacred, holy cross, representing Passion, the highest heroism, — I scarcely dare to trust myself to present to you. It is the emblem of Christianity. I have parted with the emblems of the State, of the Nation, — heroic, patriotic emblems they are, — dear, inexpressibly dear to all our hearts; but now, "In hoc signo vinces," the cross which represents the passion of our Lord, I now dare to pass into your soldier-hands; for we are fighting now a battle, not merely for country, not merely for humanity, not merely for civilization, but for the religion of our Lord itself. When this cause shall ultimately fail, if ever failure at the last shall be possible, it will only fail when the last patriot, the last philanthropist, the last Christian shall have tasted death, and left no descendants behind them on the soil of Massachusetts.

This flag, Sir, has connected with its history the most touching and sacred memory. It comes to your regiment from the mother, sister, friends, and family relatives of one of the dearest and noblest soldier-boys of Massachusetts. I need but utter the name of Lieutenant Putnam in order to excite in every heart the tenderest emotions of fond regard or the strongest feelings of patriotic fire. May you, Sir, and these, follow, not only on the field of battle, but in all the walks and ways of life, in camp, and when, hereafter, on returning peace, you shall resume the more quiet and peaceful duties of citizens, may you but follow the splendid example, the sweet devotion, mingled with manly, heroic character, of which the life, character, and death of Lieuten-

ant Putnam were one example. How many more there are, we know not; the record is not yet complete; but oh! how many there are of those Massachusetts sons, who, like him, have tasted death for this immortal cause! Inspired by such examples, fired by the heat and light of love and faith which illumined and warmed those heroic and noble hearts, may you, Sir, and these, march on to glory, to victory, to every honour. This flag I present to you, Mr. Commander, and to your regiment. IN HOC SIGNO VINCES.

Response of Colonel Shaw.

YOUR EXCELLENCY: We accept these flags with feelings of deep gratitude. They will remind us, not only of the cause we are fighting for, and of our country, but of the friends we have left behind us, who have thus far taken so much interest in this regiment, and who, we know, will follow us in our career. Though the greater number of men in this regiment are not Massachusetts men, I know there is not one, who will not be proud to fight and serve under our flag. May we have an opportunity to show that you have not made a mistake in intrusting the honour of the State to a coloured regiment, — the first State that has sent one to the war.

I am very glad to have this opportunity to thank the officers and men of the regiment for their untiring fidelity and devotion to their work from the very beginning. They have shown that sense of the importance of our undertaking, without which we should hardly have attained our end.

At the conclusion of Colonel Shaw's remarks the colours were borne to their place in the line by the guard, and the regiment was reviewed by the Governor.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

TO COL. ROBERT G. SHAW AND THE 54TH MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS.

By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

At last, at last, each flowing star
  In that pure field of heavenly blue,
On every people shining far,
  Burns, to its utmost promise true.

Hopes in our fathers' hearts that stirred,
  Justice, the seal of peace, long scorned,
O perfect peace! too long deferred,
  At last, at last, your day has dawned.

Your day has dawned, but many an hour
  Of storm and cloud, of doubt and tears,
Across the eternal sky must lower,
  Before the glorious noon appears.

And not for us that noontide glow, —
  For us the strife and toil shall be;
But welcome toil, for now we know
  Our children shall that glory see.

At last, at last, O Stars and Stripes!
  Touched in your birth by Freedom's flame,
Your purifying lightning wipes
  Out from our history its shame.

Stand to your faith, America!
  Sad Europe, listen to our call!
Up to your manhood, Africa!
  That gracious flag floats over all.

And when the hour seems dark with doom,
  Our sacred banner, lifted higher,
Shall flash away the gathering gloom
  With inextinguishable fire.

Pure as its white the future see!
  Bright as its red is now the sky!
Fixed as its stars the faith shall be,
  That nerves our hands to do or die.

May, 1863.

HOW A NEGRO REGIMENT LOOKS.

[Correspondence of the Springfield Republican.]

Boston. — The scene at Readville camp last Monday was an exhilarating one for those who believe this rebellion can be put down by the exercise of proper methods, and who are impatient to see such methods resorted to as soon and as fast as possible. Here was a regiment of a thousand men, every one of them with an Enfield musket, — or Springfield, no matter which, — and apparently with rather an uncommon amount of muscle and will to devote to the using of it. They marched well, they wheeled well, they stood well, they handled their guns well, and there was about their whole array an air of completeness, and order, and *morale*, such as I have not seen surpassed in any white regiment. I believe I am not biased by negrophilism, or coerced by the dark shadow of that bad time which the Copperhead thinks is coming, when white men shall have no rights which the black man is bound to respect; but as I am unmilitary, I would not give an opinion of this regiment if I did not find it confirmed by everybody who has seen it. There was a good sprinkling of Abolitionists among the bystanders, but among those who looked on with approbation, if not admiration, there must have been many who, within the last two years, have declared that they would not fight for, or with the negro, and would not have the negro fight for them, and did not believe he could fight, or would, and that if the rebellion couldn't be put down by white soldiers, it ought not to be put down at all.

Readville, May 20, 1863.

Brig.-General R. A. Pierce, *Commandant of Camps.*

General:

I have the honour to acknowledge receipt of your Special Order No. 46, enclosing Special Order No. 250 from Head-quarters Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

In accordance with your Special Order above mentioned, I have the honour to report, that, having made application to Captain McKim, A. Q. M., U. S. A., for transportation for the Fifty-fourth Regiment Massachusetts Infantry, from Boston to the Department of South Carolina, I received from that officer the following information: The regiment will embark, on Thursday next, 28th inst., or as soon thereafter as practicable, on board a steamer now on its way from New York to Boston. This vessel is entirely new, never having made a voyage before; is roomy, well ventilated, and especially adapted to the accommodation of troops. The officers' horses, luggage, all the camp equipage, cooking utensils, knapsacks, &c. will be shipped the day before the regiment leaves Readville. We shall take with us thirty days' rations, and ten days' forage. There will be a strong police force on the wharf, and no outsiders will be allowed there, or on board the vessel, in order to prevent all delay and confusion in embarking. The arms will be packed away in arm-chests. The steamer will sail from Battery Wharf, Boston, probably about one o'clock, P. M.; the regiment embarking about eleven, A. M.

These are all the facts I can give you at present regarding the arrangements for the departure of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Infantry.

I am, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

Robert G. Shaw,

Col. Com'd'g. Fifty-fourth Reg. Mass. Inf.

DEPARTURE OF THE FIFTY-FOURTH.

[Daily Evening Traveller.]

BOSTON, May 28.

The Fifty-fourth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, composed of coloured men of this and other Northern States, took its departure for the field of active service to-day. This is the pioneer coloured regiment raised in the Northern States. At different times and in different places since the war commenced, there has been talk of raising bodies of coloured troops for service in the field, but it remained for Governor Andrew to first carry out the idea, which he, in common with others, had so long entertained. The official order for raising this regiment, which is for three years' service, was issued about the first of February.

Within a short time after the opening of the first recruiting-office, the volunteers were ordered into camp at Readville, and officers were commissioned as fast as the rules of the service would allow. The regiment was filled on the 14th of this month.

Since the men have been at Readville, the encampment has been visited by thousands of our citizens, and the men have received words of approval and encouragement, and more substantial tokens of regard from our citizens. They have been well-behaved, have devoted themselves assiduously to learning their duties, and have improved to a degree that has cheered the hearts of their friends, and silenced the objections of those who doubted the expediency of placing muskets in the hands of coloured men, under the impression that they would not fight. In all the showy qualities of the soldier, they are the equal, any one who has seen them will

admit, of white men; but their endurance, and, above all, their bravery in battle, is yet to be tested. They have the advantage, however, of being well led.

There is among them a pride in their organization; they are strong, active men, having confidence in themselves and their officers, and there is no doubt, no fear, on the part of their friends, that they will disgrace the cause for which they fight.

The regiment is armed with Enfield rifles, and is in all respects equipped and clothed in the same manner as the white regiments. Like the white soldiers, they have received the advance pay and bounty of the government, and the bounty of the State, and the families of those residing in this Commonwealth are entitled to State aid. In all respects, except only that they have white officers, the men of this regiment are placed on an equality with those of any other new regiment in the service. Their future position depends upon themselves.

The regiment broke camp at an early hour in the morning, and took the cars for Boston. The train bearing them reached the dépôt in this city soon after 9 o'clock. At first it had been arranged to have the regiment march direct to the wharf, to embark, but so great was the desire to see them, not only of the people of Boston, but of all the neighbouring towns, that it was decided to afford the opportunity.

Arrangements were accordingly made for a review on the Common by Governor Andrew. One hundred policemen were detailed to clear the streets on the route, and keep the lines at the parade-ground on the Common, and this service they performed in a satisfactory manner, under the direction of Colonel Kurtz.

At the dépôt a large crowd was collected, and the regiment was received with hearty cheers and other demon-

strations of welcome. The regiment was accompanied by Gilmore's Band.

A line was formed, and the command at once took up the march through the following streets: — Pleasant, Boylston, Essex, Chauncy, Sumner, High, Federal, Franklin, Washington, School, Tremont, Pemberton Square, Somerset, and Beacon Streets, to the State-House. All along the route the sidewalks were crowded, and the windows and balconies were thronged. Men cheered, and women waved their handkerchiefs, many of them more enthusiastically than ever they had done before. There was nowhere along the line a word of disapproval, — not a sneer was heard, nor an unkind word expressed. In several places flags were thrown out by the occupants of stores or dwellings. In Essex Street, a lady presented Colonel Shaw with a handsome bouquet.

The regiment halted in front of the State-House a few minutes, allowing a good opportunity for the friends of the men to say a few parting words to them. Most of them, however, are strangers here, and recognized no familiar faces in the crowds that gathered around.

At a little after 10 o'clock the regiment marched down the street, escorting Governor Andrew, who was accompanied by most of the members of his staff.

They entered the Common at the Charles Street gate. Every place overlooking the parade-ground had long been thronged with people, and hundreds who had tickets, and thousands who had not, were passed inside the lines.

After a short rest, the regiment again took its place in line, and was reviewed by Governor Andrew. The men then passed in review by companies before him, and though their lines were by no means perfect, they marched in good time, and wheeled with a readiness which showed that they had a clear idea of what was required, and only needed a little

more practice to equal the best regiments that have left the State.

At a quarter before 12 o'clock, the regiment left the Common by the West Street gate, and marched down Tremont, Court, State, and Commercial Streets, to Battery Wharf. As on the route to the Common, so were these streets thronged with approving multitudes, who cheered as they "went marching on."

Colonel Robert G. Shaw, who commands the regiment, is regarded as a very superior officer. He went out as a Lieutenant of the Second Massachusetts Regiment, rose to a Captaincy, and retained that position till appointed to his present command, having participated in several battles. In the organization of the Fifty-fourth he has displayed judgment, zeal, and discretion, which have won him the confidence and esteem of the officers of the regiment and the State officials. He is a grandson of the late Robert G. Shaw.

The regiment reached the wharf at about twenty minutes of one o'clock. The baggage had all been put aboard the De Molay previous to their arrival. The guns were at once placed in cases, and at one o'clock the troops marched on board the steamer by companies.

THE FIFTY-FOURTH MASSACHUSETTS.

[New York Daily Tribune.]

May 30.

The first coloured regiment organized in a Northern State embarked at Boston last Thursday for Port Royal. Its arrival in the city, the review on the Common by Governor Andrew, the march through the streets of Boston, and the magnificent reception given to the regiment by the citizens, are very noteworthy signs of the progress we are making toward a recognition of the capacity and the rights of the coloured race. The accounts in the Boston papers agree in saying that the scene was unexampled. "No regiment," says one journal, "on its departure, has collected so many thousands as the Fifty-fourth. Vast crowds lined the streets where the regiment was to pass, and the Common was crowded with an immense number of people, such as only the Fourth of July, or some rare event, causes to assemble." The regiment was reviewed by the Governor and staff, Major-Generals Sutton and Andrews and their staffs, Senator Wilson, the Executive Council, officers of other regiments, the Mayor of Boston, and a great number of other officials. "It is but just to state," says the same paper, "that no white regiment from Massachusetts has surpassed the Fifty-fourth in excellence of drill, while in general discipline, dignity, and military bearing, the regiment is acknowledged by every candid mind to be all that can be desired. The expression of satisfaction at the excellent appearance of the regiment, and the enthusiasm it excited among all classes, were general and hearty."

"You can hardly imagine," says another spectator of the

scene, in a private letter, "what a triumph yesterday was in Boston for the Fifty-fourth. Everybody, Generals, policemen, and all, said that never had so fine a regiment, so sober, orderly, well-behaved, well-drilled, and disciplined, passed through Boston, and never, I believe, were troops looked upon with more favour." Colonel Shaw, — a son of Francis George Shaw, of Staten Island, and grandson of the late Robert G. Shaw, of Boston, — who commands the regiment, is an officer of great experience, having been in the field from the very beginning of the war, and is unusually capable and devoted to his work. Lieutenant-Colonel Hallowell, of a well-known Philadelphia family, is also a graduate of another Massachusetts regiment, and thoroughly qualified, by his ability and antislavery convictions, for the position he holds. A large number of the officers have seen service before, and it is noticeable that few regiments have on their roster so many names from the best families of the city and State. Massachusetts has indeed identified herself in all ways with this, her First Regiment of Coloured Troops; and, whatever fortune may betide it, she at least stands or falls with her people of colour. Governor Andrew, in his effort to make the regiment worthy of its opportunity, has shrunk from no reproach and spared no pains, and he has now the satisfaction to find it honoured and rejoiced over by its opponents, as well as by its early friends.

Even in State Street, its welcome was enthusiastic. Over the spot where Crispus Attucks, a negro, the first martyr of the Revolution, fell; where Thomas Sims, in the gray light of early morning, was stolen away to slavery, all Boston consenting to the deed; where Anthony Burns, three years later, under the noonday sun, was openly kidnapped, with escort of Boston troops, this black regiment now marched to the music of the John Brown hymn to embark on the ship which should bear them on a hostile errand to the soil of

South Carolina! History may be searched in vain for a contrast or a retribution, of which the poetic and religious justice is parallel to this. Never were there a thousand men who bore with them so many of the hopes and the responsibilities of a race, as are intrusted to these coloured soldiers. May they be equal to the duty which rests upon them, and worthy of the career which opens before their victorious arms!

RECEPTION AND DEPARTURE OF THE FIFTY-FOURTH REGIMENT.

The marching of the First Coloured Regiment through the streets of Boston, this forenoon, — an event of momentous importance in the annals of the State and Union, — elicited such demonstrations of interest and sympathy as might be expected from a population whose hearts beat quickly for "Liberty and Union." Since Massachusetts first began to send her brave sons into the field, no single regiment has attracted larger crowds into the streets than the Fifty-fourth. The contrast between the present and a few years since could not fail to be noticed. It requires only a small effort of memory to revert to the time when the power of city, State, and country united to force back a forlorn and almost friendless bondman to the fetters he had broken. Now, a thousand men of the same race march proudly through our avenues, to fight under the protection of the State and the nation, against the defenders of the institution which has imbruted so many of their own blood, and now threatens the existence of the government.

The regiment arrived at the Providence dépôt about nine o'clock. In a brief time the column was formed, and, preceded by Colonel Kurtz, with a strong detachment of police, moved over the route previously fixed, to the Common. The march was perfectly triumphant. Ladies lined the balconies and windows of the houses, while the streets were densely thronged with spectators of both sexes. The welcomes, in the form of repeated cheers, and the waving of handkerchiefs, were of the most emphatic character. The manly bearing of the regiment, and the admirable marching of the men, disarmed criticism, and turned otherwise deprecatory remarks into warm eulogiums. Gilmore's band performed most of the music for the regiment, which had an excellent drum-corps and a brass band, said to have attained considerable proficiency. Colonel Shaw was the recipient of various marks of the public appreciation of his course, in connection with his well-drilled command.

The Fifty-fourth reached the Common at half past ten o'clock, having stopped at the State-House for the officials who were to assist in reviewing the troops. At the time of the review upon the parade-ground, the spectators constituted a dense mass around the whole line, with Flagstaff Hill and the "Smokers' Retreat" containing a complete "sea of heads." Thousands of persons viewed the spectacle with immense satisfaction.

Governor Andrew, at the head of his military family, received hearty applause as he stepped forward to begin the work of reviewing. The excellent appearance of the Fifty-fourth, displaying very few faults, even to the most critical, must have afforded much gratification to those who have laboured so hard as the Governor, to organize and equip a coloured regiment which should be a credit to the Commonwealth.

The wheeling of the different companies as they moved

around the parade-ground, and the general precision attending their evolutions, elicited great cheering from the vast crowd of witnesses. Military men who have observed our regiments as they have been sent, with imperfect drill and discipline, to the seat of war, say that few would compare, in these respects, with the Fifty-fourth. The ease and uniformity the members displayed in going through the manual excited high commendation.

After the dress parade the command left the Common, and, passing through a portion of Tremont Street, Court Street, State Street, and Commercial Street, to Battery Wharf, embarked on board the Steamer "De Molay" for General Hunter's department. In State Street, the Fifty-fourth was greeted in the most enthusiastic manner, the long files of people upon the sidewalks, the steps of the buildings, or in other available places, clapping and cheering very vehemently. Three rousing cheers were given for the flag, from the steps of the Exchange, as the colour-bearers came in sight.

In view of the splendid reception of this regiment, to-day, in Boston, and the different treatment it would have met, a few brief months ago, who shall aver that the community has not made sufficient progress, in a short time, to allow the confident belief that the full consummation of the most ardent hopes of the philanthropist will speedily be attained, in regard to a formerly despised and oppressed people?

We have already published the names of most of the officers of the regiment, but as such interest exists in these troops, we republish the roster, which may be considerably changed by transferring some of those commissioned to the Fifty-fifth. Lieutenant-Colonel Hallowell will probably be Colonel, and Captain Hartwell Lieutenant-Colonel of the last-named regiment.

Roster of the Fifty-fourth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry.

Colonel — Robert G. Shaw, of Boston.

Lieutenant-Colonel — Norwood P. Hallowell, of Cambridge.

Major — Edward N. Hallowell, of Medford.

Surgeon — Lincoln R. Stone, of Salem.

Assistant Surgeon — Charles B. Bridgham, of Bucksport, Me.

Adjutant — G. Wilkinson James, of Boston.

Quartermaster — John Ritchie, of Boston.

Captains — Alfred S. Hartwell, Natick; George Pope, Brookline; David A. Partridge, Medway; William H. Simpkins, West Roxbury; Samuel Willard, Boston; Cabot J. Russel, New York; John W. M. Appleton, Boston; Edward L. Jones, Boston; Watson W. Bridge, Springfield; Luis F. Emilio, Salem.

First Lieutenants — Erik Wulff, Boston; James M. Walton, Philadelphia; Walter H. Wild, Brookline; James M. Grace, New Bedford; William H. Homans, Malden; Francis L. Higginson, Boston; Orin E. Smith, Webster; Richard H. L. Jewett, Chicago.

Second Lieutenants — Thomas L. Appleton, Brighton; Benj. F. Dexter, Boston; J. Albert Pratt, West Roxbury; David Reed, Boston; Henry W. Littlefield, Milton; Charles E. Tucker, Boston; Willard Howard, Boston.

Extracts from Colonel Shaw's Letters.

HILTON HEAD, June 3, 1863.

. . . . . My note to Mother will tell you of our prosperous voyage. We arrived safe at half after two. We go into camp at Beaufort, up the bay. . . . . .

BEAUFORT, June 5.

. . . . . We came down from Hilton Head the day before yesterday. I saw Colonel Montgomery, who was about to embark for an expedition to Georgia. We shall probably follow him to-morrow or the day after, and have our camp at St. Simon's Island. . . . . .

ST. SIMON'S ISLAND, June 9.

. . . . . We arrived at the southern point of this island at six this morning. . . . . .

ST. SIMON'S ISLAND, June 14, 1863.

HIS EXCELLENCY, JOHN A. ANDREW, *Governor of Mass.*

DEAR SIR:

. . . . . Since I last wrote you, the Fifty-fourth has arrived at St. Simon's Island, Georgia, and encamped on the west shore, opposite the mainland.

On the 10th and 11th inst. we took part in an expedition under Colonel Montgomery. We met no enemy, and our only exploit was the capture of eighty-five bales of cotton, and the burning of the town of Darien. The latter performance disgusted me exceedingly. I never knew before of a town being burnt to the ground without some good reason, especially when it contained only old men, women, and children. It seems to me that such a course is sure to bring discredit on the coloured troops, if persisted in. The men themselves behaved well. They plundered and destroyed only by order of the commanding officer, and were not allowed to scatter through the town, or, indeed, to leave the ranks, unless under charge of a commissioned officer.

Not a shot was fired at us from Darien. As far as I can ascertain, it is not a place of refuge for rebels, and as our boats could at any time pass by it, up the "Altamaha," the destruction seemed to me perfectly useless, if not barbarous.

I wish I knew whether Montgomery got his orders from his superiors, or whether it is his own private policy to destroy everything. If the latter, I am sorry he has Massachusetts troops to assist him.

He is perfectly conscientious about it himself, and thinks it is the will of God that the Southerners should be swept from the face of the earth.

From what I have seen of the contraband regiments, I think my men are generally superior to them in energy and spirit. It is wonderful with what readiness they adapt themselves to all the discomforts and inconveniences of campaigning. They learn to make themselves comfortable, in a very short time, under all circumstances, and in this respect seem like old soldiers from the very beginning.

With my respects to Mrs. Andrew,

Believe me, truly and respectfully yours,

ROBERT G. SHAW.

St. Simon's Island, Ga., June 14, 1863.

Lieut.-Col. Halpine,
A. A. G. 10th A. C. and Dep't of the South.

Dear Sir:

Will you allow me to ask you a private question, which of course you are at liberty to answer or not? Has Colonel Montgomery orders from General Hunter to burn and destroy all towns and dwelling-houses he may capture?

On the 11th inst., as you know, we took the town of Darien, without opposition, the place being occupied, as far as we ascertained, by non-combatants. Colonel Montgomery burned it to the ground, and at leaving finally shelled it from the river.

If he does this on his own responsibility, I shall refuse to have a share in it, and take the consequences; but, of course, if it is an order from head-quarters, it is a different matter; as in that case I suppose it to have been found necessary to adopt that policy. He ordered me, if separated from him, to burn all the Planters' houses I came across.

Now I am perfectly ready to burn any place which resists, and gives some reason for such a proceeding; but it seems to me barbarous to turn women and children adrift in that way, and if I am only assisting Colonel Montgomery in a private enterprise of his own, it is very distasteful to me.

I am aware that this is not a military way of getting information, and I hope you will feel that I shall not be hurt if you refuse to answer my question.

Believe me, very truly, yours,

Robert G. Shaw,
Col. Com'd'g. Fifty-fourth Mass. Reg.

STEAMER, OFF HILTON HEAD, June 25.

. . . . . I wrote Father yesterday, that we were to return here. We sailed this morning at six, having been up all night loading the ship. It is supposed that Gillmore is going to make an attack on Morris Island and Fort Sumter from Folly Island. . . . . .

R. G. S.

ST. HELENA'S ISLAND, S. C., July 2, 1863.

HIS EXCELLENCY GOVERNOR ANDREW.

DEAR SIR:

Since I last wrote you, the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment has left St. Simon's Island, and returned to St. Helena's, near Hilton Head. We are now encamped in a healthy place, close to the harbour, where we get the sea-breeze.

You have probably seen the order from Washington, which cuts down the pay of coloured troops from $13 to $10. Of course, if this affects Massachusetts regiments, it will be a great piece of injustice to them, as they were enlisted on the express understanding that they were to be on precisely the same footing as all other Massachusetts troops. In my opinion, they should be mustered out of the service, or receive the full pay which was promised them. The paymaster here is inclined to class us with the contraband regiments, and pay the men only $10. If he does not change his mind, I shall refuse to have the regiment paid, until I hear from you on the subject. And, at any rate, I trust you will take the matter in hand, for every pay-day we shall have the same trouble, unless there is a special order to prevent it.

Another change that has been spoken of, was the arming of negro troops with pikes, instead of fire-arms. Whoever proposed it first must have been looking for a means of annihilating negro troops altogether, I should think, or have never been under a heavy musketry fire, nor observed its effects. This project is abandoned now, I believe.

I have heard nothing as yet in regard to the officers I wrote you of, from St. Simon's Island. As we are very short of line officers, I hope that some of them are on the way to join us. Another man whom I can recommend for Major of this Regiment is Lieutenant Thomas B. Fox, of the Second Massachusetts. He is, as you know, a very capable man, and a good officer.*

It appears that Colonel Montgomery had orders, from General Hunter, to destroy all the dwelling-houses he might find, when making an expedition inland. The destruction of Darien was the result. Colonel Montgomery showed me some of Hunter's letters on the subject, and assured me that he himself was much opposed to it at first, but, after a few days' reflection, he began to think that it was the proper thing to do.

My men are well and in good spirits. We have only five in hospital. We are encamped with the Second South Carolina, near General Strong's Brigade, and are under his immediate command. He seems anxious to do all he can for us, and if there is a fight in the Department, will no doubt give the black troops a chance to show what stuff they are made of.

With many wishes for your good health and happiness, I remain

Very sincerely and respectfully yours,

Robert G. Shaw.

* This brave young officer died, on the 25th of July, of wounds received at the battle of Gettysburg. — Ed.

St. Helena's Island, July 6, 1863.

Brigadier-General George C. Strong.

General:

I did not pay my respects to you before you left this post, because I did not wish to disturb you when making your preparations for departure.

I desire, however, to express to you my regret that my regiment no longer forms part of the force under your command. I was the more disappointed at being left behind, that I had been given to understand that we were to have our share of the work in this Department. I feel convinced, too, that my men are capable of better service than mere guerilla warfare, and I hoped to remain permanently under your command.

It seems to me quite important that the coloured soldiers should be associated, as much as possible, with the white troops, in order that they may have other witnesses besides their own officers of what they are capable of doing. I trust that the present arrangement is not permanent. With many wishes for your success,

Believe me very sincerely and respectfully

Your obedient servant,

Robert G. Shaw,
Col. Com'd'g Fifty-fourth Reg. Mass. Inf.

Extracts from Colonel Shaw's Letters.

July 8.

. . . . . We are ordered to Folly Island at an hour's notice, and if there is an attack on Charleston, shall have our share in it. . . . . .

Stono River, James Island, July 9.

. . . . . Arrived off Stono Inlet, near Charleston harbor, at 1 o'clock this morning. . . . . .

Steamer "Chasseur," off James Island, July 10, 1863.

. . . . . We are near the landing-place of last year, not yet landed. The attack from Folly Island began this morning. We are in General Terry's division. . . . . .

11th.

. . . . . We landed at noon to-day, and are now about two miles inland. . . . . .

JAMES ISLAND, July 16.

. . . . . You don't know what a fortunate day this has been for me, and for us all, excepting some poor fellows who were killed and wounded. Two hundred of my men on picket this morning were attacked by five regiments of infantry, some cavalry, and a battery of artillery. The Tenth Connecticut were on their left, and say they should have had a bad time if the Fifty-fourth men had not stood so well. The other regiments lost, in all, three men wounded. We lost seven killed, twenty-one wounded, six missing, supposed killed, and nine unaccounted for.

General Terry sent me word he was highly gratified with the behaviour of my men, and the officers and privates of other regiments praise us very much. All this is very gratifying to us personally, and a fine thing for the coloured troops.

I have just come in from the front with my regiment, where we were sent as soon as the Rebels retired. This shows that the events of the morning did not destroy the General's confidence in us. . . . . .

ATTACK ON OUR JAMES ISLAND FORCES. — BRAVERY OF THE MASSACHUSETS 54TH (COLOURED).

[Correspondence of Boston Daily Traveller.]

On Thursday morning last, the Rebels attacked Brigadier-General Terry's Division, on James Island, which includes a part of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment and the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts (coloured) Regiment, whose mettle was tried for the first time. They are in Colonel Montgomery's Brigade, and the Colonel does not have any cowards, white or black, about him. The Fifty-fourth were on picket duty, and were "felt" by a reconnoitring party on Wednesday morning, and again in the evening.

The enemy came down early Thursday morning, with three columns. A field battery made a desperate attempt to disable the gunboat Pawnee, in Stono River, protecting the left flank of our forces. The Pawnee was hit thirty-nine times in her hull, but not disabled, and had only one killed and five wounded. She soon got a broadside to bear on them, and drove them off. At the same time, another field battery, supported by a body of cavalry, attacked our other flank, and four or five regiments of infantry our centre. The pickets were driven back to the reserve after desperate fighting, in which the Boston blacks covered themselves with glory. The rebs cried "no quarter," and the negroes never asked for it. The troops were all promptly formed in the mean time to resist attack. Brigadier-General Stevenson, of Boston, had command of the first line, and Colonel Davis, of the One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania, who was Adjutant of the Massachusetts regiment in

the Mexican war, and is now an Acting Brigadier-General, commanded the second line. The Rebel battery opened furiously with shells, but did no great damage, and, in fact, did us little injury after their skirmish with the pickets. The Connecticut Battery, commanded by Captain Rockwood, replied vigorously to their fire, throwing percussion shells into their ranks. The John Adams, with one or two small guns aboard, and the Mayflower, with a thirty-five-pound Parrott, steamed up a small creek, and gave them a cross-fire, thinning out the artillerists, and relieving the cavalry horses of their burdens. After an hour's engagement the whole Rebel force fled in great haste, leaving many arms and equipments behind. The gun on the Mayflower was worked entirely by the crew and servants of the boat, and they did fine execution. The Fifty-fourth Massachusetts are very much complimented for their conduct. They showed no signs of fear, but fought as if they were very angry, and determined to have revenge. One man carried his musket to our rear in his left hand, after his right arm had been shot off. Another was approached by five men, who tried to take him prisoner. Instead of running, he rushed at them with a shout, and thrust his bayonet through an officer. He succeeded in killing or wounding two more, before he was killed with pistol shots from the rest. Not a coloured soldier flinched, that I can learn, and I will give the regiment the benefit of a public announcement, that all the general officers speak very highly of its conduct, though none of them can be accused of prejudice in their favor.

In consequence of information and orders received, General Terry moved all his forces to Folly Island, on Thursday night, so that place is safe from a Rebel attack.

NEGRO TROOPS.

A correspondent of *The Reflector*, at Morris Island, writes as follows respecting the Massachusetts Fifty-fourth, coloured regiment, on the island: —

I do not need to dilate on events that have recently irradiated the banners of these troops with glory. They have vindicated their claims to manhood and liberty; they have extorted respect. In this Department, where, a year ago, I heard the negro soldiers saluted with contemptuous cheers and bitter derision as they passed by our white regiments, the man would certainly be deemed a madman who should dream of dispensing with the spades or the bayonets of the negroes now enrolled.

A single incident out of many may illustrate the working of the enlistment movement. Early in July we had a body of troops on James Island, in the presence of the enemy, who greatly outnumbered them. There were two roads running nearly at right angles that required to be strongly picketed. One was held by the Tenth Connecticut, the other by the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts (coloured), Colonel Shaw. The enemy suddenly appeared in overwhelming force, numbering some six thousand, and endeavoured to push down the road held by the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, for the purpose of cutting off the Tenth Connecticut. Had the Fifty-fourth given way, the retreat of the Tenth would have been cut off, and they would have been absolutely annihilated or captured. But the Fifty-fourth held the road heroically, with a loss of about fifty, until the Tenth had effected their retreat, when they too retired. The effect of this action was electric. The boys of the Tenth

Connecticut could not help loving the men who had saved them from destruction. I have been deeply affected at hearing this feeling expressed both by officers and men of the Connecticut regiment. And probably a thousand homes, scattered from Windham to Fairfield, have been told in letters the story how the dark-skinned heroes fought the good fight, and covered with their own brawny breasts the retreat of the brothers and sons and fathers of Connecticut. Every such event is of itself a proclamation of emancipation and enfranchisement.

We had only eight killed and twenty-four wounded, according to General Terry's official report, mostly of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, and these casualties occurred principally in the first attack on the pickets. The Fifty-fourth fought very bravely. They had numerous invitations to become prisoners, under circumstances calculated to influence an acceptance, but they declined in every instance; for the terrors of bondage and strangulation and tortures were worse than those of death. I do not learn that a single prisoner was taken from their regiment. Not myself a believer in the arming of negroes, free or contraband, as soldiers, I must do this regiment the credit of fighting bravely and well. Cowards would have forgotten the future in the present, — and sacrificed prospective danger for temporary security. The Rebels attacked them with a cry of "No quarter!" and they accepted the condition of the fight. Several fell, pierced by many bullets, while fighting singly with half a dozen of Rebels, who were trying to capture them. One black man bayoneted an officer who was leading a squad of men, and then gave a thrust which wounded a sergeant, just as he was falling with five bullets through his body. Another, whose arm had been shot off, brought his musket off the field in the other hand, carrying it till

he fell down and bled to death. The Massachusetts negro regiment is evidently made of good stuff, and no better fighting can be asked for than they did on James Island, when so furiously attacked at their picket station.

General Terry, having been ordered not to bring on a general engagement, or continue one commenced by the enemy beyond the time required to repulse him, fell back to the ground he occupied in the morning, entirely satisfied with the result of his first battle with the enemy since he had assumed command of his division. General Terry speaks in the highest terms of the conduct of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, and says the best-disciplined white troops could have fought no better. In fact, the Fifty-fourth did about all the fighting, and suffered all the loss. Rebel prisoners captured in this engagement estimate their own loss, from the fire of the gunboats and from that of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, at from two to three hundred. They were about six thousand strong, and expected to overwhelm us.

OUR COLOURED TROOPS AT CHARLESTON.

[Boston Evening Transcript.]

The friends of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment cannot but feel proud of the splendid fighting done by it on James Island, although they will deeply regret the losses to which it was subjected. But it nobly bore the brunt of the fight, and did its share toward winning the victory. Thus far, indeed, the coloured troops in the service have amply vindicated their bravery and good soldiership. And it is worthy of note, that already three classes of coloured men have been tried in the ordeal, and *not* found wanting, viz. the regular "contrabands," at Milliken's Bend, where they are said to have outfought their officers; the free negroes of the South, at Port Hudson; and the free negroes of the North, including, doubtless, a few escaped slaves of some years ago, at Charleston. In all these cases, as well as in Montgomery's and Higginson's expeditions, they not only behaved well for raw troops, — which is all that could have been expected of them, — but fought with unusual bravery and tenacity. The bearing of this experience on the future needs no comment.

LETTER FROM CAPTAIN RUSSEL.

FOLLY ISLAND, July 17.

DEAR FATHER:

We have had an engagement on a small scale, all officers safe; but alas for my poor men! Simpkins, Willard, and myself were detailed for picket, on the 15th inst., with our companies. We went out, Simpkins' and my companies on the line, Willard's in reserve. We went out at 6 P. M.; all night the Rebel lines were uneasy, and my men kept firing on their scouts, — just at daybreak, Simpkins' line was violently driven in, thus turning my flank and getting behind me. They were on us this time before my right could face back; they had a large force and we had to retreat, firing as we went; it was a double-quick run all the way, but the Rebels were at the reserve house as soon as we. From there we had to go to camp, fighting as we could. My right was entirely cut off and driven into a marsh, where they were slaughtered, but fought like demons. One of my sergeants, named Wilson, was surrounded, but killed from three to six Rebels before he went under. A man named Preston Williams saved my life as we reached the reserve house. (The reserve was driven in.) A cavalry officer charged up to me and cut twice at my head; the first time, the blow missed, and the second, Williams caught on his bayonet, and shot the man through neck and head; the most wonderful part was that I knew nothing about it till the fight was over. I was very sorry I had not known of it at the time, as I could have shot the officer with my revolver, which I held in my hand ready for close fighting.

The total loss, killed, wounded, and missing, was 45, — pretty heavy for three companies. When we reached our line, it was in order of battle, the batteries ready, and the

gunboats, — then the Rebels caught it. They were sent back double-quick. The whole regiment then went on picket, was relieved that night, and marched by causeways to the neighborhood of Folly Island. As the purpose of our feint in keeping troops from Fort Wagner was accomplished, we shall soon land and be engaged in fatigue duty on the fortifications, I suppose. My men report three to have *surrendered* and then been shot, but often, wounded men were kindly treated, and told not to be alarmed, as they should not be harmed; this last was where officers were; in the marsh, where my men were, there were no officers, and of course no restraint.

Wilson was a splendid fellow; he died like a hero; where he lay there was a circle of twenty feet or so, where he had kept three cavalry-men and some infantry at bay. Good-bye, dear Father, — my men did nobly.

LETTER FROM SERGEANT SIMMONS.

(*Fifty-fourth Regiment on the March.*)

Folly Island, S. C., July 18, 1863.

My dear Mother:

We are on the march now to Fort Wagner, to storm it. We have just completed our great and successful retreat from James Island; we fought a desperate battle there Thursday morning. Three companies of us were on picket, about a good mile in advance of the regiment; we were Companies B, H, and K. We were attacked early in the morning. Our Company were in the reserve when the outposts were attacked by Rebel infantry and cavalry. I was sent out by our Captain, in command of a squad of men, to

support the left flank; the bullets fairly rained around us; when I got there the poor fellows were falling around me with pitiful groans. Our pickets only numbered two hundred and fifty men, attacked by about nine hundred. It is supposed, by the line of battle in the distance, that they were to be supported by a reserve of three thousand men; we had to fire and retreat towards our encampment. One poor sergeant of ours was shot down alongside of me; several others were wounded near me. It appeared to me as if a body of men had concentrated their fire at my poor cocoanut; the bullets whistled so close that I could feel the wind of them. God has protected me through this, my first fiery leaden trial, and I do give him the glory, and render my praises unto his holy name. My poor friend Vogelsang is shot through the lungs; his case is critical, but the doctor says he may probably live; his company suffered very much. Poor, good, and brave Sergeant Wilson, of his company, after killing four Rebels with his bayonet, was shot through the head by the fifth one. Poor fellow! may his noble spirit rest in peace! The General has complimented the Colonel on the gallantry and bravery of his regiment. When our pickets got in, the artillery shelled the Rebels, drove them back, and cut them up terribly; we took six prisoners; we have lost about forty-five men, in killed, wounded, and missing; we have lost six out of our company, including a sergeant. God bless you all! Good-bye! Likely we shall be engaged again soon.

Your affectionate son,

R. J. Simmons.

Note. — On the day of the fight described above, the house of the mother of Sergeant Simmons was destroyed by the rioters in the city of New York, and his nephew, a child of ten years, so injured by the mob that he died shortly after. Simmons is now a prisoner in Charleston.

Extracts from Letter of Colonel Shaw.

COLE'S ISLAND (opposite Folly Island),
July 17, 4 P. M.

. . . . . James Island was evacuated last night by our forces. My regiment started first, at 9½ P. M. Not a thing was moved until after dark, and the Rebels must have been astonished this morning. Terry went there, originally, only to create a diversion from Morris Island, and it was useless to stay and to risk being driven off, after Morris was taken.

It thundered and lightened, and rained hard, all night, and it took us from 10 P. M. to 5 A. M. to come four miles. Most of the way we had to march in single file along the narrow paths through the swamps. For nearly half a mile we had to pass over a bridge of one, and in some places two, planks wide, without a railing, and slippery with rain, — mud and water below several feet deep, — and then over a narrow dike, so slippery as to make it almost impossible to keep one's feet. It took my regiment alone nearly two hours to pass the bridge and dike.

By the time we got over, it was nearly daylight, and the Brigade behind us had a pretty easy time. I never had such an extraordinary walk.

We are now lying on the beach opposite the southern point of Folly Island, and have been since five this morning. When they get boats they will set us across, I suppose.

There is hardly any water to be got here, and the sun and sand are dazzling and roasting us.

We have had nothing but crackers and coffee these two days. It seems like old times in the army of the Potomac. . . . . .

P. S. — Morris Island, July 18. — We are in General Strong's Brigade, and have left Montgomery, I hope for good. We came up here last night, and were out again all night in a very heavy rain. Fort Wagner is being heavily bombarded. We are not far from it. We hear nothing but praise of the Fifty-fourth on all hands. . . . . .

[Correspondence of Providence Journal.]

Morris Island, July 18.

At ten minutes past six the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts (coloured regiment) is moving up the island, and if one had not before met the young-looking man who is walking along beside the line of dusky faces, he would hardly think that he was the Colonel of this fine-looking body of black men. With a simple suit, hardly a uniform, with his modest and unassuming manner, certainly Colonel Shaw cannot help finding and winning friends, wherever he may be. The regiment halted near us (for, being discovered from Wagner, a number of shells was dropped among them), and rested a few moments behind the sand-hills. In fifteen or twenty minutes they formed and moved away, up, by, and beyond our batteries, taking the extreme advance, or right of the line.

THE REPORT OF COLONEL SHAW'S DEATH.

We have received the *Richmond Enquirer* of last Thursday (23d), containing a despatch to the Rebel War Department, announcing the death of Colonel Shaw, of the Massachusetts Fifty-fourth, of which our correspondent at Fortress Monroe notified us by telegraph, in the despatch which we printed last Friday morning. It will be observed, that the announcement still rests only upon Rebel authority, — that of General Beauregard. We must await advices from our own forces near Charleston, before we shall know certainly whether it is indeed true, that this gallant young officer has so quickly fallen a martyr in the noble cause which he so zealously espoused.

New York Daily Tribune.

COLONEL ROBERT G. SHAW.

If it shall prove to be true that Colonel Robert G. Shaw has fallen at Charleston, then the army will have lost an officer who was one of its brightest ornaments; the State will have lost one of its most honourable and patriotic sons; his family and friends will mourn over one whom they loved with the tenderest affection, and who was honoured by them as no young man has ever been honoured before.

On the first breaking out of the rebellion, he volunteered in the Seventh New York Regiment for three months, and, on his return from that service, he assisted in recruiting the Second Massachusetts, in which he served at first as Lieutenant, and then as Captain. His talents, his courage, and his discretion, caused him to be selected to command the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment; and though the command of coloured troops at that time was believed to be one of extreme hazard, he did not hesitate to undertake it.

Though a mere youth in appearance and in fact, — he at once commanded the confidence of every man who enlisted under him, — he showed himself to be the master of his position, and his conduct elicited the admiration of civilians and soldiers alike.

Just before the marching of his regiment, he was married to a young lady who was in every respect worthy to be the wife of so conspicuous a character. Had his life been spared, she would have seen him rise to the highest advancement. His death has fixed in the history of this Commonwealth a name which was before held in high esteem.

The life, the character, and the services of Colonel Shaw, call to remembrance the history and death of the youthful General Warren, whom he resembled in many respects.

Boston Daily Advertiser.

BEAUFORT, S. C., July 23, 1863.

I regret to inform you that Colonel Shaw is killed. The Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, of which he was Colonel, fought so bravely at James Island that General Gillmore put them in a white Brigade. When the attack was to be made on Fort Wagner, the General selected his best troops, and, among the rest, the Fifty-fourth. The black soldiers marched side by side with their white comrades in arms to the assault. The parapet is thirty feet high. Colonel Shaw was the first man to mount that high parapet. He waved his sword, and shouted, "Come on, boys!" and then fell dead. He died well. Neither Greece nor Rome can excel his heroism.

DEATH OF COLONEL SHAW, OF THE FIFTY-FOURTH MASSACHUSETTS.

A telegraphic despatch from Fortress Monroe brings the lamentable news that the gallant Colonel Robert G. Shaw, of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment, was killed on the 18th instant, near Charleston.

Colonel Shaw was the son of Francis George Shaw, of Staten Island. He entered the war as lieutenant in the famous Second Massachusetts, known as the "Fighting Second." He was, before the war, a member of our Seventh Regiment, which has furnished so many excellent officers for the army.

He served in the valley of Virginia under General Banks, and fought at the battle of Cedar Mountain. There his regiment distinguished itself, and he won the rank of cap-

tain. He fought under Pope, and afterwards at Antietam, where he was struck by a spent ball, but not hurt.

When Governor Andrew began to recruit a coloured regiment, he looked round for an officer to command it, who should have experience, coolness, and capacity. He selected Captain Shaw; and his choice was approved by all who knew him, whether in or out of the army.

Colonel Shaw formed the regiment, and drilled it so excellently, that its discipline was always counted as among the best. He embarked with it some weeks ago for Port Royal, where its arrival created much excitement. He has since been at work on the Georgia coast, under the general command of Colonel Montgomery, and it would appear that his regiment was called up to take part in the attack on Charleston.

By his death the country has lost a brave and noble-hearted gentleman, and a tried and skilful soldier.

New York Evening Post.

Morris Island, July 21, 1863.

Dear Mr. Shaw:

I cannot tell you the sadness I feel at having to write you that your son is missing, — certainly a prisoner, wounded, — perhaps dead in the hands of the enemy.

He fell Saturday night, in the unsuccessful assault upon Fort Wagner, while leading the regiment, having reached the top of the parapet. He was last seen waving his sword to the men, calling on them to follow him, and either fell or leaped into the Fort, and was not seen again.

I have delayed writing till to-day, that I might know something more definite and certain. I have made inquiries

everywhere, and a flag of truce has passed, but nothing could be learned from that source. Another flag will pass to-day to exchange prisoners, and from that something may come.

His loss to us is great indeed, and to the men in particular, who had great pride in him, — in his brave and soldierly qualities. They express great sympathy, and real, hearty, true regret.

To me, personally, his loss is very great, and it is very hard to feel that he is gone from us, and that the friendship of the last two years is broken in so cruel a way. I give you my deepest sympathy in this your hour of trial and deep affliction. I am, dear Sir,

Very truly yours,
LINCOLN R. STONE, *Surgeon 54th Reg't.*

BEAUFORT, July 22, 1863.

MY DEAR MR. AND MRS. SHAW:

Your darling son has probably given his life to the cause which you and he loved. I saw him on Saturday evening, when he took tea at the quarters of General Strong. This was about two miles from Fort Wagner. His regiment had gone on, a few minutes before, and at about half after six o'clock he mounted his horse to ride off with General Strong. As he was leaving, he turned back and gave me his letters and other papers, telling me to keep, and forward them, if anything occurred.

I met your son three times at St. Helena, dining with him twice, and also met him in his tent on James Island. He enjoyed his life at St. Helena, and contracted there a

friendship for General Strong which was reciprocated. I met him at the Fourth of July celebration, on the Island, under the live-oak trees. He enjoyed the day much, and said he should like to have his mother come out and make a visit. He declined that day to go and dine with the rest, at the "Oaks," being in constant expectation of orders to move.

After General Strong had been brought away wounded, to the hospital tent, I heard him inquire for the fate of Colonel Shaw, with much anxiety. The soldiers mourn the loss of their Colonel. In the vessel on the way to Beaufort, and here in the hospitals, I have often heard them grieve for him, and praise him in the most affectionate terms. Evidently, he had won their whole heart; and in like manner, the officers speak of him. He had also made an excellent impression on the brother officers of other regiments.

I have given you this naked recital, — words of condolence you need not, from me. With the opening of the war, your son gave himself to his country, and he has now laid down his life for a race. His pure fame will be imperishable.

With my best regards and sympathies,

Yours truly,

EDWARD L. PIERCE.

THE FIFTY-FOURTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT.

[From the Boston Transcript.]

LETTER FROM EDWARD L. PIERCE, ESQ., TO GOVERNOR ANDREW.

BEAUFORT, July 22, 1863.

MY DEAR SIR:

You will probably receive an official report of the losses in the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, by the mail which leaves to-morrow, but perhaps a word from me may not be unwelcome. I saw the officers and men on James Island on the 13th instant, and on Saturday last, saw them at Brigadier-General Strong's tent, as they passed on, a little before seven in the evening, to Fort Wagner, which is some two miles beyond. I had been the guest of General Strong, who commanded the advance, since Tuesday. Colonel Shaw had become attached to General Strong at St. Helena, where he was under him, and the regard was mutual.

When the troops left St. Helena, they were separated, the Fifty-fourth going to James Island. While it was there, General Strong received a letter from Colonel Shaw, in which the desire was expressed for the transfer of the Fifty-fourth to General Strong's Brigade. So, when the troops were brought away from James Island, General Strong took this regiment into his command. It left James Island on Thursday, July 16, at 9 P. M., and marched to Cole's Island, which they reached at 4 o'clock, on Friday morning, marching all night, most of the way in single file, over swampy and muddy ground. There they remained during the day, with hard-tack and coffee for their fare, — and this only what was left in their haversacks, not a regular ration.

From 11 o'clock of Friday evening, until 4 o'clock of Saturday, they were being put on the transport "General Hunter," in a boat, which took about fifty at a time. There they breakfasted on the same fare, and had no other food before entering into the assault on Fort Wagner in the evening.

The "General Hunter" left Cole's Island for Folly Island at 6 A. M., and the troops landed at Pawnee Landing about 9½ A. M., and thence marched to the point opposite Morris Island, reaching there about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. They were transported in a steamer across the inlet, and at 4 P. M. began their march for Fort Wagner. They reached Brigadier-General Strong's quarters, about midway on the Island, about 6 or 6½ o'clock, where they halted for five minutes. I saw them there, and they looked worn and weary.

General Strong expressed a great desire to give them food and stimulants, but it was too late, as they had to lead the charge. They had been without tents during the pelting rains of Thursday and Friday nights. General Strong had been impressed with the high character of the regiment and its officers, and he wished to assign them the post where the most severe work was to be done, and the highest honor was to be won. I had been his guest for some days, and knew how he regarded them. The march across Folly and Morris Islands was over a very sandy road, and was very wearisome. The regiment went through the centre of the Island, and not along the beach, where the marching was easier.

When they had come within six hundred yards of Fort Wagner they formed in line of battle, the Colonel heading the first, and the Major the second battalion. This was within musket shot of the enemy. There was little firing from the enemy, a solid shot falling between the battalions,

and another falling to the right, but no musketry. At this point, the regiment, together with the next supporting regiment, the Sixth Connecticut, Ninth Maine, and others, remained half an hour. Then, at $7\frac{1}{2}$ or $7\frac{3}{4}$ o'clock, the order for the charge was given. The regiment advanced at quick time, changing to double quick when at some distance on.

The intervening distance, between the place where the line was formed and the fort, was run over in a few minutes. When within one or two hundred yards of the fort, a terrific fire of grape and musketry was poured upon them along the entire line, and with deadly results. It tore the ranks to pieces, and disconcerted some. They rallied again, went through the ditch, in which were some three feet of water, and then up the parapet. They raised the flag on the parapet, where it remained a few minutes. Here they melted away before the enemy's fire, their bodies falling down the slope, and into the ditch. Others will give a more detailed and accurate account of what occurred during the rest of the conflict.

Colonel Shaw reached the parapet, leading his men, and was probably killed. Adjutant James saw him fall. Private Thomas Burgess, of Company I, told me that he was close to Colonel Shaw; that he waved his sword, and cried out, "Forward, Fifty-fourth!" and, as he did so, fell. Burgess fell, wounded, at the same time. There is a report that Colonel Shaw is wounded and a prisoner, and that it was so stated to the officers who bore a flag of truce from us; but I cannot find it well authenticated. It is most likely that this noble youth has given his life to his country and to mankind. Brigadier-General Strong (himself a kindred spirit) said of him to-day in a message to his parents: "I had but little opportunity to be with him, but I already loved him. No man ever went more gallantly into battle. None knew him but to love him."

I parted with Colonel Shaw between six and seven on Saturday evening, as he rode forward to his regiment, and he gave me the private letters and papers he had with him, to be delivered to his father. Of the other officers, Major Hallowell is severely wounded; Adjutant James has a wound from a rifle-ball in his ankle, and a flesh wound in his side, from a glancing ball or piece of shell. Captain Pope has had a musket-ball extracted from his shoulder. Captain Appleton is wounded in the thumb, and also has a contusion on his right breast from a hand-grenade, which, however, is not severe. Captain Willard has a wound in the leg, and is doing well. Captain Jones was wounded in the right shoulder; the ball went through, and he is doing well. Lieutenant Homans was wounded by a ball from a smooth-bore musket entering the left side, which has been extracted from the back; he is doing well.

The above-named officers are at Beaufort,—all but the last arriving there on Sunday evening,—whither they were taken from Folly Island in the Alice Price, and thence to Beaufort in the Cosmopolitan, which is specially fitted up for hospital service, and provided with skilful surgeons, under the direction of Dr. Montague. They are now tenderly cared for, with an adequate corps of surgeons and nurses, and provided with a plentiful supply of ice, beef and chicken broth, and stimulants. Lieutenant Smith was left at the hospital tent on Morris Island, being too severely wounded to be brought away. Captains Simpkins and Russel were wounded, and are missing. Captain Emilio, and Lieutenants Grace, Appleton, Higginson, and Reed, were not wounded, and are doing duty. Lieutenants Jewett and Tucker were slightly wounded, and are doing duty also. Lieutenants Howard and Pratt are also missing. As to Dexter I have no information. The Quartermaster and Surgeon are safe, and are with the regiment.

Dr. Stone remained on the Alice Price during Saturday night, caring for the wounded until she left Morris Island, and then returned to look after those who were left behind. The Assistant Surgeon was at the camp on St. Helena Island, attending to duty there.

Of the privates and non-commissioned officers I send you a list of one hundred and forty-four who are now in the Beaufort hospitals. A few others died on the boats, or since their arrival here. There may be others at the Hilton Head hospital, and others are doubtless on Morris Island; but I have no names or statistics relative to them. Those in Beaufort are well attended to, just as well as the white soldiers, the attentions of the surgeons and nurses being supplemented by those of the coloured people here, who have shown a great interest in them. The men of the regiment are very patient, and, where their condition at all permits them, are cheerful. They expressed their readiness to meet the enemy again, and they keep asking if Wagner is yet taken.

Could any one from the North see these brave fellows as they lie here, his prejudice against them, if he had any, would all pass away. They grieve greatly at the loss of Colonel Shaw, who seems to have acquired a strong hold on their affections.

They are attached to their other officers, and admire General Strong, whose courage was so conspicuous to all. I asked General Strong if he had any testimony in relation to the regiment to be communicated to you. These are his precise words, and I give them to you as I noted them at the time: "The Fifty-fourth did well and nobly; only the fall of Colonel Shaw prevented them from entering the fort. They moved up as gallantly as any troops could, and with their enthusiasm they deserved a better fate."

The regiment could not have been under a better officer

than General Strong. He is one of the bravest and most genuine men. His soldiers loved him like a brother, and go where you would through the camps, you would hear them speak of him with enthusiasm and affection. His wound is severe, and there are some apprehensions as to his being able to recover from it. Since I found him at the hospital tent on Morris Island about 9½ o'clock on Saturday, I have been all the time attending to him or the officers of the Fifty-fourth, both on the boats and here.

Nobler spirits it has never been my fortune to be with. General Strong, as he lay on the stretcher in the tent, was grieving all the while for the poor fellows who lay uncared for on the battle-field; and the officers of the Fifty-fourth have had nothing to say of their own misfortunes, but have mourned constantly for the hero who led them in the charge from which he did not return. I remember well the beautiful day when the flags were presented at Readville, and you told the regiment that your reputation was to be identified with its fame. It was a day of festivity and cheer. I walk now in these hospitals, and see mutilated forms with every variety of wound, and it seems all a dream. But well has the regiment sustained the hope which you indulged, and justified the identity of fame which you trusted to it.

I ought to add, in relation to the fight on James Island on July 15, — in which the regiment lost fifty men, driving back the Rebels, and saving, as it is stated, three companies of the Tenth Connecticut, — that General Terry, who was in command on that island, said to Adjutant James: "Tell your Colonel that I am exceedingly pleased with the conduct of your regiment. They have done all they could do."

Yours truly,

EDWARD L. PIERCE.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
BOSTON.

FRANCIS GEORGE SHAW, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR:

I send to you with this, copies of letters which I have received from Colonel Littlefield and Dr. Stone by this morning's mail.

Nothing which I can write can express as I would wish the affectionate sympathy with which I am,

Sincerely yours,

JOHN A. ANDREW.

CAMP OF THE FIFTY-FOURTH MASS. VOLUNTEERS,
MORRIS ISLAND, S. C., July 24, 1863.

HIS EXCELLENCY, JOHN A. ANDREW, *Governor of Mass.*

SIR:

I have delayed writing you in regard to the attack on Fort Wagner and the death of Colonel Shaw until to-day, that I might be able to give you all the information that could be obtained from a flag of truce that passed from us to-day for the purpose of exchanging the wounded. The first steps in regard to exchange were taken last Tuesday.

From Colonel Anderson, of the Twelfth South Carolina Volunteers, we learned that Colonel Shaw was shot through the heart, and was buried in the fort.

I have never doubted the report of his death that we at

first got from some of the men of his regiment, as he was seen to fall from the parapet inside the fort, and the fire that the enemy opened was very severe indeed. I need not say that he fell at the head of his regiment. All who knew him would know that.

He received orders assigning the regiment to the command of Brigadier-General Strong on Friday, in the evening, and reported to General Strong about three o'clock, P. M., Saturday, when he found that Fort Wagner was to be assaulted at dark by his (General Strong's) Brigade, and to the Fifty-fourth was assigned the advance.

About six o'clock the regiment moved along to our batteries, and at seven the firing ceased, and the regiment at once started to the assault. They reached the top of the parapet, but were driven back with very heavy loss indeed, — thirteen officers killed and wounded, or missing, and two hundred and seventy or eighty men. Colonel Shaw was the first upon the parapet, and was seen to fall. Major Hallowell and Adjutant James were also severely wounded. Captains Willard, Appleton, Jones, Pope, Lieutenants Smith, Homans, Pratt, Jewett, and Tucker, slightly. Captains Simpkins and Russel missing, both wounded, but from the officers who came down with the flag of truce nothing could be learned. They said that the exchange of officers and men of the Fifty-fourth was a subject for future consideration.

The death of Colonel Shaw is a terrible blow to the regiment. The men had the greatest confidence and pride in him, and in his judgment, prudence, and watchfulness, and among the officers as strong confidence and affection existed.

The loss of so many officers and men, and the exposure and hardship of the past month, have had a bad effect upon the regiment, and they need time to rest and recruit. They have had a very large amount of hard work to do, and severe privations.

I think that the conduct of the regiment in the attack upon Fort Wagner, and on James Island, was such as to justify the expectations of its warmest friends, and to convince all that they can fight bravely and coolly. There are about five hundred men and thirteen line officers fit for duty. The wounded are at Beaufort, men and officers, except some fifty slightly wounded in quarters. In the hands of the Rebels at Charleston are some sixty men, twenty wounded, all in confinement. I have not been able to ascertain how many wounded men there are at Beaufort.

The regiment is now in command of Colonel Littlefield, Fourth South Carolina Volunteers, by order of General Gillmore. Colonel Littlefield will write you by this mail upon the needs of the regiment.

Neither he nor I can, however, tell you of the great shock and grief we feel at our losses both in officers and men. Only so lately, with all bright anticipations of the future, leaving home and friends — it is almost impossible to realize it! There remains, however, the consciousness that they fell nobly and bravely at the very front, at the head of the regiment, as soldiers should fall. The whole loss in the attack on Fort Wagner was one thousand five hundred and ten.

I am, sir,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

LINCOLN R. STONE,

Surgeon Fifty-fourth Mass. Vols.

HEAD-QUARTERS FIFTY-FOURTH MASS. VOLS.,
MORRIS ISLAND, IN THE FIELD.
July 24, 1863.

HIS EXCELLENCY, JOHN A. ANDREW.
GOVERNOR :

By orders of Brigadier-General Gillmore, commanding Department of the South, I have been placed in command of this regiment, by reason of the death of Colonel Shaw, and the Lieutenant-Colonel being severely wounded.

During the recent storming of Fort Wagner, this regiment was selected because they so distinguished themselves in the engagement on James Island.

I witnessed the charge, though no way connected with the regiment, and I feel it my duty to bear testimony to the valour and bravery of the entire command. Colonel Shaw marched his men on to the Fort, where he fell with twenty or thirty of his men around him.

The bearer of the State flag marched to the parapet with the bearer of the colours. One of the Rebels caught the State flag, and tore it from the staff; the bearer held to the staff, and brought it off with him, though his guard was shot by his side. The bearer of the United States flag was severely wounded in the breast. He fell upon his knees, but, with one hand on his wound, with the other he held the "Stars and Stripes" erect, and upon his knees brought them off the field, saying, "The flag has not been on the ground." He was carried to the hospital, still bearing the flag, and as he entered, his wounded brothers gave cheers for the flag and the bearer. I mention these as but a few of the many instances of bravery during the charge.

Of the death of Colonel Shaw and his burial we have received information by flag of truce. He was buried in

Fort Wagner on Sunday last. We also learned that all of the prisoners of this regiment are in confinement at Charleston, "waiting action of their government," — so say the officers.

I enclose the Roster, by which you will see that the regiment is without a field-officer, and with but two captains fit for duty. I cannot too strongly urge upon you the necessity of commissioning a colonel at once to take command of the regiment. It is an excellent body of men, and I hope you will send on a commander. I am here only for the time being, and may be called away at any moment.

I have the honour, Governor, to be,

Very respectfully,

Your most obedient servant,

M. S. Littlefield,

Colonel Fourth S. C. Vol. Cav. Regt.

COLONEL ROBERT G. SHAW.

[New York Daily Tribune.]

The letters from our correspondent, brought by the Arago, confirm the previous report, by way of Richmond, of the death of Colonel Shaw of the Massachusetts Fifty-fourth. He fell at the head of his regiment, when standing on the parapet of Fort Wagner, which he and his brave men, in the advance and the post of honour, had carried by assault. No soldier ever prayed for a nobler death; and how bravely it was met by him and his comrades the fact bears witness, that, when the remnant of the regiment was forced to retire, it was led by a second-lieutenant.

Colonel Robert G. Shaw was the only son of Francis George Shaw, of Staten Island, and grandson of the late Robert G. Shaw, a distinguished merchant of Boston. When the war broke out he went as a private in the Seventh Regiment to Washington, but, before their three months' term of service expired, sought and received a commission in the Massachusetts Second, — the "Fighting Second," as it is called, for the courage it has shown in many a hard-fought field. At the battle of Winchester his life was saved by his watch; at Antietam he was struck by a fragment of shell which just grazed the neck. In looking for a commander for the first coloured regiment from Massachusetts, who should combine the moral qualities and the soldierly accomplishments requisite for a post of more than ordinary difficulties, Governor Andrew chose young Shaw. How well that choice was justified was shown when he marched through Boston at the head of the best-disciplined regiment that ever left the State, and the three hundred dead that fell

around him at Fort Wagner prove that in the field he had inspired his men with his own courage, and aroused in them that personal devotion and enthusiasm that will face the most desperate duty. It was that rare quality that commands at once the love and obedience of men that peculiarly fitted Colonel Shaw for a commander. Of a most genial and kindly nature, of manners as gentle as a woman's, of a native refinement that brooked nothing coarse, of a clear moral insight that no evil association could tarnish, of a strength of purpose aiming always at noble ends, of a courage quiet but cheerful and unwavering, he was one of those characters which attract, and at the same time mould all others brought under their influence. Even this was observed of him when only a second-lieutenant in the Second Massachusetts; how much more has it been shown in the Fifty-fourth! This country has lost in him one of its best soldiers and one of its most promising men.

Colonel Shaw was only about twenty-five years of age, and was married a few weeks before he joined the army of the South.

OBITUARY.

COLONEL ROBERT G. SHAW.

[Boston Evening Transcript.]

The public has a right to honour every faithful soldier who falls in the service of his country, in this war for the country's life and integrity as a free republic, that it may be known by what costly sacrifices priceless principles are defended and maintained. Would a record could be made and a fitting eulogy given to all who bravely die! This cannot be; but the noble catalogue of the well-known heroes is already large, and must, alas! grow larger still.

We have to refer to-day to one whose claims to high respect are somewhat peculiar. In the spring of 1861 we saw in camp at Brook Farm, a lieutenant devoted quietly and modestly to learning and performing his novel military duties, — in appearance hardly more than a boy.

On Thursday, May 28, that young lieutenant, with the manly bearing almost of a veteran, rode down State Street, amid greeting cheers, as Colonel of the Fifty-fourth, the First Coloured Regiment of Massachusetts; and now the intelligence reaches us that he met death on the chosen battle-field.

It was principle that sent him so promptly to Brook Farm, and made him true to his martial vocation as an officer of the Second Massachusetts; and it was principle that gave his name, ability, and character to the inauguration in New England of a new force for the national service.

On his own part, and on the part of those by whom he

was so dearly loved as an only son and an only brother, it was the conviction that duty called him from a refined and cultivated home, from the peaceful engagements of business, from all that heart could desire to make life's morning joyous, and full of rich, rare promise. The summons of honour, patriotism, and humanity was heeded with unquestioning alacrity, and the behests of honour, patriotism, and humanity were unflinchingly obeyed to the last.

It would be a sad pleasure at any other time to speak, in the words of friendly eulogy, of the pure character, the fine disposition, the courteous and gentlemanly manners, — of the many sweet and clustering graces that adorned his youth, and blossomed into the fruit of strong virtues in the brief manhood of Colonel Shaw.

But now, above all these, calling for special, if not exclusive regard, is his service to the country, — the self-sacrifice that consecrated all he was to her, that waived aside for the time all he hoped to be or to enjoy, or rather put it all in peril, that he might be faithful found as a soldier fighting for the holiest of human rights.

How much he risked, how much he gave up, what precious hopes have been blasted, what tender ties have been sundered, what affections — stronger, God be thanked, than death, and able to triumph over even the grave — have been agonized by his quick departure from among the living, words cannot tell.

The story of bereavement is for the tears, fast and long flowing, but not bitter, — for the memories, sad but never gloomy, — of that love-girt and love-united circle, into which the entrance of sympathizing friendship now would be that of an intrusive stranger.

It is allowed to us only to say here, that when record is made up of those who nobly fought and died to save our free nationality, shining high and bright upon it will be the

name of Colonel Robert G. Shaw, as one, from first to last, as courageously true to the principles he represented, as he was brave in meeting the foes that lifted their rebellious hands to destroy them.

[From the National Anti-Slavery Standard.]

When inquiry was made at Fort Wagner, under flag of truce, for the body of Colonel Shaw of the Massachusetts Fifty-fourth, the answer was, "We have buried him with his niggers!" It is the custom of savages to outrage the dead, and it was only natural that the natives of South Carolina should attempt to heap insult upon the remains of the brave young soldier. But that wide grave on Morris Island will be to a whole race a holy sepulchre. No more fitting burial-place, no grander obsequies, could have been given to him who cried, as he led that splendid charge, "Forward, Fifty-fourth!" than to give to him and those who followed him one common grave. As they clustered around him in the fight; as they rallied always to the clear ring of his loved voice; as they would have laid down their lives, each and all of them, to save his; as they honoured and reverenced him, and lavished on him all the strong affections of a warm-hearted and impulsive people; so, when the fight was over, and he was found with the faithful dead piled up like a bulwark around him, the poor savages did the only one fitting thing to be done when they buried them together. Neither death nor the grave have divided the young martyr and hero from the race for which he died, and a whole people will remember in the coming centuries, when its new part is to

be played in the world's history, that "he was buried with his niggers!"

Only those who knew Colonel Shaw can understand how fitting it seems, when the purpose of outrage is put aside and forgotten, that he should have been laid in a common grave with his black soldiers. The relations between coloured troops and their officers, if these are good for anything, and fit for their places, must need be, from the circumstances of the case, very close and peculiar. They were especially so with Colonel Shaw and his regiment. His was one of those natures which attracts first through the affections. Most gentle tempered, genial as a warm winter's sun, sympathetic, full of kindliness, unselfish, unobtrusive, and gifted with a manly beauty and a noble bearing, he was sure to win the love, in a very marked degree, of men of a race peculiarly susceptible to influence from such traits of character as these. First, they loved him with a devotion which could hardly exist anywhere else than in the peculiar relation he held to them, as commander of the first regiment of free coloured men permitted to fling out a military banner in this country, a banner that, so raised, meant to them so much. But then came closer ties: they found that this young man, with education and habits that would naturally lead him to choose a life of ease, with wealth at his command, with peculiarly happy social relations, — one most tender one just formed, — accepted the position offered him in consideration of his soldierly as well as moral fitness, because he recognized a solemn duty to the black man, because he was ready to throw down all that he had, all that he was, all that this world could give him, for the negro race. Beneath that gentle and courtly bearing which so won upon the coloured people of Boston when the Fifty-fourth was in camp, beneath that kindly but unswerving discipline of the commanding officer, beneath that stern but always cool and

cheerful courage of the leader in the fight, was a clear and deep conviction of a duty to the blacks. He hoped to lead them, as one of the roads to social equality, to fight their way to true freedom, and herein he saw his path of duty. Of the battle, two days before that in which he fell, and in which his regiment, by their bravery, won the right to lead the attack on Fort Wagner, he said, "I wanted my men to fight by the side of whites, and they have done it"; thinking of others, not of himself, — thinking of that great struggle for equality in which the race had now a chance to gain a step forward, and to which he was ready to devote his life. Could it have been for him to choose his last resting-place, he would no doubt have said, "Bury me with my men, if I earn that distinction."

MALICE DEFEATING ITS OWN ENDS.

The Charleston Rebels, it appears, buried Colonel Shaw in the common grave with the black soldiers of his own regiment, by way of indignity to his remains. Malice blinded their eyes to the fact, that it could be no indignity for the heroic youth, who had deliberately braved their threatened halter that he might vindicate the claims of the black man, thus to share the grave of the true men who had followed him. When the story is told hereafter, it will be deemed that he lies in the bed of honour, from which even the affection of his kindred could hardly wish to remove him.

"BURIED WITH HIS NIGGERS!"

When the body of Colonel Robert G. Shaw was asked of those Rebels in the midst of whom he fell, it was replied, "He is buried with his niggers."

Buried with a band of brothers
Who for him would fain have died;
Buried with the gallant fellows
Who fell fighting by his side.

Buried with the men God gave him,
Those whom he was sent to save;
Buried with the martyred heroes,
He has found an honoured grave.

Buried where his dust so precious
Makes the soil a hallowed spot;
Buried where, by Christian patriot,
He shall never be forgot.

Buried in the ground accursed,
Which man's fettered feet have trod;
Buried where his voice still speaketh,
Appealing for the slave, to God.

Fare thee well, thou noble warrior,
Who in youthful beauty went
On a high and holy mission,
By the God of Battles sent.

Chosen of Him, "elect and precious,"
Well didst thou fulfil thy part;
When thy country "counts her jewels,"
She shall wear thee on her heart.

ELIZABETH B. SEDGWICK.

LENOX, Mass.

COLONEL SHAW:

ON HEARING THAT THE REBELS HAD BURIED HIS BODY IN A TRENCH, UNDER A PILE OF TWENTY-FIVE NEGROES.

Ignoble hate defeating its own ends!
The act that meant dishonour, working glory!
Could any mausoleum built by hands
Lift his sweet memory nearer to the heavens,
Or give it such a precious consecration
In every heart which Love has purified?
O, young and sainted martyr, let them pile
Whole hecatombs of dead upon thy ashes;
They cannot bar God's angels from receiving
Thy radiant spirit with divinest welcomes;
They cannot cover from celestial eyes
The sacrifice that bears thee close to Christ!

Did I not see thee on that day in spring
Leading thy sable thousand through our streets?
Braving the scorn and (what was worse) the pity
Of many backward hearts, yet cheered with bravos
From those who scanned the great significance
Of thy devoted daring, saw the crown
Behind the cross, behind the shame, the glory,
Behind the imminent death, the life immortal?

Weep not, heroic parents! Be consoled!
Think of thy loved one's gain, lamenting wife,

And let a holy pride o'ermaster grief!
All that could perish of him, let it lie
There, where the smoke from Sumter's bellowing guns
Curls o'er the grave, which no commingled dust
Can make less sacred. Soon his monument
Shall be the old flag waving, and proclaiming
To the whole world that the great cause he died for
Has nobly triumphed, — that the hideous Power,
Hell-born, that would disgrace him, has been hurled
Into the pit it hollowed for the Nation, —
That the Republic stands redeemed and pure,
Justice enthroned, and not one child of God
Robbed of his birthright, freedom!

E. S.

Boston, August 3.

ROBERT G. SHAW.

"They buried him with his niggers!"
Together they fought and died;
There was room for them all where they laid him,
The grave was deep and wide;
For his youth, and beauty, and valour,
Their patience, and love, and pain;
And at the last day together
They shall all be found again.

"They buried him with his niggers!"
Earth holds no prouder grave:
There is not a mausoleum
In the world beyond the wave,
That a nobler tale has hallowed,
Or a purer glory crowned,
Than the nameless trench where they hurried
The brave, so faithful found.

"They buried him with his niggers!"
Beside the throne they stand
Side by side, as they lie there,
In heaven, that deathless band.
Brothers in death and glory
The same palm-branches bear,
And the crown is as bright o'er the sable brows
As over the golden hair.

"They buried him with his niggers!"
A wide grave should it be!
They buried more in that shallow trench
Than human eye could see:
All the shames and sorrows
Of more than a hundred years,
Lie under the weight of the Southern soil,
Smoothed with those cruel sneers.

"They buried him with his niggers!"
But the glorious souls set free
Are leading the van of the Army
That fights for Liberty, —
The unseen cloud of heroes
That march in the pathless ways,
And smooth the road for the coming race
That shall rule in the future days.

FLORENCE, Italy, 1863.

The following Address of the Military Governor of South Carolina to the people of colour in the Department of the South, pays a fit tribute to the memory of the lamented Colonel Shaw: —

BEAUFORT, S. C., July 27, 1863.

To the Coloured Soldiers and Freedmen in this Department:

It is fitting that you should pay a last tribute of respect to the memory of the late Colonel Robert Gould Shaw, Colonel of the Fifty-fourth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers. He commanded the first regiment of coloured soldiers from a Free State ever mustered into the United States service.

He fell at the head of his regiment, while leading a storming party against a Rebel stronghold. You should cherish in your inmost hearts the memory of one who did not hesitate to sacrifice all the attractions of a high social position, wealth, and home, and his own noble life, for the sake of humanity, — another martyr to your cause that death has added, still another hope for your race. The truths and principles for which he fought and died, still live, and will be vindicated. On the spot where he fell, by the ditch into which his body was thrown, on the soil of South Carolina, I trust that you will honour yourselves, and his glorious memory, by appropriating the first proceeds of your labour as free men, towards erecting an enduring monument to the hero, soldier, martyr, — Robert Gould Shaw.

R. SAXTON,
Brigadier-General and Military Governor.

HARVARD COLLEGE.

At a meeting of the Class of 1860, held July 28, a committee was appointed with authority to take proper notice of the death of Colonel Shaw of the Fifty-fourth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers, if confirmation of that sad event should be received. The committee have agreed upon the following resolutions as expressing the deep sorrow of the Class, and their regard and value for the deceased : —

Whereas, the painful news of the death before Charleston of Colonel Robert Gould Shaw no longer admits of a hopeful doubt ; —

Now, therefore, by his classmates it is

Resolved, That the Class of 1860 of Harvard College, of which he was for three years an honoured and beloved member, desire to express their sense of the loss which the nation and the army have met in the death of this patriot and soldier, — a great and important loss to them, and still more nearly mournful for all who personally knew him.

The promise which his generous and chivalric nature gave in our years of intercourse with him, has been fulfilled by his devotion to his country and to freedom.

The cheerful purity of his disposition — in every particular most eminently that of a kindly and perfect gentleman — endeared him to all, and seemed to mark him as one who should live a long life of usefulness and honour ; and such fascinating qualities at once adorned and increased the value of his faithfulness to duty, which guided him in life, and led him to a death of glory.

COLONEL ROBERT G. SHAW.

[For the Anti-Slavery Standard.]

"How did he die?" we asked. His comrades turned away,
With trembling lips that scarce the mournful words could say:
"We cannot tell; we know but that he led us on,
And, 'mid the smoke and flame, fell on the rampart won."

"How did he die?" His men, with sudden energy,
Answered from low cot beds: "We only seem to see,
In waking and in dreams, his bright form on the wall,
And hear in every wind his well-known rallying call."

"How did he die?" The foe made answer brief: "He died;
We laid him 'neath the earth, his soldiers by his side."
And none can ever know if parting word or prayer
Breathed from his dying lips, upon that smoke-filled air.

We know but how he lived, — that young and gallant form,
Breasting, with dauntless brow, the battle's fiercest storm,
And shouting to his men the "Onward" which shall be
Henceforth to them the voice of beckoning victory.

Over the conquered heap of citadel and town
His troops shall yet rush on, bearing oppression down;
And when their deeds are praised, point to a low grave then,
Saying, "We end *their* work, — our Colonel and his men."

On the fair Saxon brow, upon the sunny hair,
The South sand lieth warm, and those his rest who share
Are fitting body-guard, — none nobler could we crave
To glorify the spot, and share the hero's grave.

E. Murray.

[From the New York Daily Times.]

The death of Colonel Robert G. Shaw, of the Massachusetts Fifty-fourth, who fell in leading his regiment of black troops in the desperate assault on Fort Wagner, has added a new name to the roll of heroes never to be effaced so long as this country has a history, or the race for which he died, a representative on this continent. His sterling qualities of character, his modesty, his devotion, his earnestness, his ready surrender of all the world can give and all that makes life pleasant, to a sense of duty which he never dreamed could gain him applause; his utter disregard of the popular odium that might attach to one who should first lead to the field the men of all others the most despised and hated; and the crowning act of that life, — the cheerful courage with which he went forth to what he felt was certain death; — all these have been recognized by a grateful people, and multitudes have learned to honour and revere a name which, till they knew it as the name of a hero dead, they had never heard. We published, soon after the death of Colonel Shaw, the feeling address of General Saxton to the Coloured Soldiers and Freedmen of the Department of the South, proposing that they, who had the best right, should erect a monument to the memory of one who had fallen not less for their cause that his life was given in his country's service. We are permitted now to publish the response of General Gillmore, honourable to him as a spontaneous tribute to the worth of Colonel Shaw, and well deserved by one who unflinchingly obeyed his orders to lead a forlorn hope. General Gillmore's letter is as follows: —

HEAD-QUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH,
MORRIS ISLAND, S. C., Aug. 11, 1863.

GENERAL:

I have seen in the papers your address "To the Coloured Soldiers and Freedmen of this Department," on the heroic conduct and death of Colonel Robert G. Shaw, Fifty-fourth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry.

I desire to add my testimony to the worth and gallantry of that estimable officer and gentleman. He was not only a good, but a brave man, — brave, indeed, to a fault, — and I feel his loss severely.

Should an opportunity offer, I desire you to convey to the friends of the deceased, and to your subordinates in this Department, the assurance of my high appreciation of his transcendent patriotism and valour.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

Q. A. GILLMORE,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

BRIG.-GEN. R. SAXTON,
Military Governor;
Commanding at Beaufort, S. C.

"ONE GRAVE."

[Harper's Weekly.]

We marched across the stormy isle with strong and fearless tread,
Though worn with toil, and scantily supplied with warfare-bread ;
No stimulant but blood that burned our suffering race to save,
Following with joy our youthful chief, to Freedom or the grave.

The post of honour he had claimed — that post for us had won —
To lead the van at Death's right hand, where bloodiest deeds are done ;
Foremost to pay Oppression's debt — ages of lash and chain —
With the fierce cross of bayonet, the musket's deadly rain.

Six hundred yards from Wagner's fort the storming parties rest,
High courage kindling every eye, and arming every breast.
"Now, men, arise!" our Colonel cries, "and show your manhood's worth ;
Follow my path through life or death! Forward the Fifty-fourth!"

Then poured upon the dauntless heads of our advancing band
A fire more dread than rained of yore on Sodom's fated land, —
From Sumter's murder-waking throat, from Wagner's death-fraught hold,
From batteries near, and points remote, the iron deluge rolled :

Sulphurous flames from countless guns illumed the grim night air,
No fitful flash, but blazing on with one continuous glare!
We staggered not, we halted not for wounded friend or dead,
Through scourging shell and hissing shot, fast towards the foe we sped.

"Onward, my boys!" our leader's voice rings cheerly o'er the storm;
"We'll gain the parapet, and there your shattered ranks re-form.
Onward, my friends, my heroes, come, for every human right, —
For kindred, country, hearth and home, honour and freedom, fight!"

Rushing, as lions spring through fire, we gain the parapet;
In view of all the Rebel crew the starry banner set.
"Now, hand to hand!" our leader cries, "what though some brave men fall?
Above their grave that flag shall wave which frees and guards us all!"

"Onward!" Ah me! I saw him lie beside me where I fell,
While bellowing o'er us shrieked and roared the thunderbolts of hell!
From Sumter's treason-tainted walls, from Wagner's sand-built hold,
Through files of living, piles of dead, the fiery tempest rolled.

I strove to grasp his gallant hand, to raise his head once more, —
"Onward!" That word had cleared his way to the eternal shore.
What hopes went down with him! But yet no step we backwards gave;
Our blood was pledged to him, with him, for freedom or the grave.

Around him drew the Rebel crew, with curse and gibe and jeer.
"That Yankee dog! we'll bury him beneath his negroes dear:
We'll dig a pit for twenty-one, and him the lowest lay,
A score of blacks above his head to keep him down for aye."

O, glorious grave! what monument of marble rich and fair
Can with that wealth of loyal blood and faithful hearts compare?
"Ære perennius — sacrum sit!" No tomb beneath the sun
Shall true men honour more than that which holds the Twenty-one.

"Ære perennius!" They shall live in many a deathless song;
Renown shall lift their names from out the unnamed heroic throng:
Embalmed with their devoted chief in everlasting fame,
What nobler resting-place than *his* could saint or hero claim?

"Ære perennius!" Monuments rock-sculptured fade away,
But there are deeds whose praise shall live through heaven's unclosing day.
Martyrs for Truth and Right Divine, to God your souls ye gave,
And pledged your blood — and kept the pledge — for freedom or the grave.

A. N.

West Newton, 1863.

RESOLUTIONS

ADOPTED AT A MEETING OF COMPANY F, SEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. N. G., HELD AUGUST 15, 1863.

Whereas, Robert G. Shaw, formerly a member of this organization, fell at the head of his regiment, the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, in the attack on Fort Wagner, on Morris Island, South Carolina, on the 18th day of July, 1863; and *whereas*, upon the intelligence of his death, the services of this company, as an escort at his funeral, were offered, and were declined because his remains could not be procured:

Resolved, That while to his family and nearer friends we tender earnest sympathy in their bereavement, and ask that we, his former comrades, may in some manner share their grief, yet we rejoice with them in the proud recollection that he fell a martyr to the cause of Freedom, and died that the Republic might live.

Resolved, That although the hearts of his enemies were hardened, so that we cannot render at his grave the last tokens of regard and respect, according to our strong desire, yet we feel that, when his spirit went to its reward with those of his faithful men, it was meet that his dust should rest with theirs, beneath the very spot where the heroic act of his self-sacrifice was consummated, and that the State for whose redemption his life was given, should be forever honoured by his sepulchre.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the New York Tribune, the New York Evening Post, and the Boston Daily Advertiser, and that a copy of them be sent to the family of the deceased.

CHAS. T. MIDDLEBROOK,
LINDLEY MILLER,
HENRY M. CONGDON,
} *Committee Co. F.*

OUR YOUNG DEFENDERS.

[New York Evening Post.]

One of the notable features of our war is the development of character, energy, and heroism in our young men. Beardless lads have exhibited proofs of mature capacity, and endurance worthy of veterans. One of the leaders of the "Charge of the Dark Brigade" at Fort Wagner was Captain Cabot Jackson Russel, of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment (Colonel Shaw's coloured regiment), a son of William C. Russel, of Pine Street, New York. This youth, scarcely nineteen, after serving with the Massachusetts Forty-fourth in North Carolina, was offered a captaincy in Colonel Shaw's regiment, and at that notable charge he led his men gallantly to the parapet of the Rebel intrenchments, and fell wounded in the hottest of the fight. Captain Simpkins rushed forwards to assist him, and he also fell, at the moment when the surging tide of the attacking force was turned back. Both these young men were thus left in the hands of the Rebels, and of their fate we are left in painful uncertainty.

The fate of Colonel Shaw seems to be no longer doubtful; but the bearer of the flag of truce was told by Bishop Lynch that two wounded officers of the Fifty-fourth were now in Charleston. The savage threats of the South Carolinians against all who had dared to lead negroes against them, suggest grave apprehensions about the fate of these two young men, and their position shows that the President's Proclamation in regard to the treatment of prisoners was not a day too early. Captain Russel's manly bearing and excellent qualities endeared him strongly to his friends. He has given evidences of precocious abilities as an officer, and his early career has been full of promises of honorable distinction. His fate is a matter of anxious interest to numerous friends.

CAPTAINS WILLIAM HARRIS SIMPKINS AND CABOT JACKSON RUSSEL.

On the 26th of July, when the news came of the unsuccessful assault on Fort Wagner, in which Colonel Shaw fell, these two officers of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts were reported as "missing — known to be wounded." After a long interval of suspense, and many alternations of hope and fear among their friends, Beauregard's chief of staff reports from Charleston that "no officer of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts (coloured) Regiment has been found among the prisoners captured in the operations against Charleston," and private advices confirm the report.

A sergeant of Company F, who was with them when they were both wounded, has given what must be considered the final account of them living. He says that owing to the darkness, and in the confusion of the assault under so heavy a fire, the two captains, himself, and three privates found themselves separated from the regiment, and in the ditch under the left bastion of the fort. They went through the ditch under the guns of the enemy, and climbed to the parapet. The moment they reached it they were marked and fired at. Captain Russel fell. Captain Simpkins asked him if he would be carried off. He said no, and asked to be straightened out. Captain Simpkins directed the sergeant to help him do this, and while kneeling at his friend's head, facing the enemy, was himself hit, and putting his hand to his breast, fell across his comrade's body, and neither moved nor spoke again. The sergeant, after shooting the Rebel who he supposes fired the two shots, was directed by Captain Russel to change his position, that he might not draw the Rebel fire on the wounded men, and left them lying where they fell.

These two young men, one not yet twenty-four, and the other only nineteen, served together in Company F, Forty-fourth Regiment, for the nine months term, returning a short time before the regiment, in order to take commissions in the Fifty-fourth.

Let us give due honour to the men who sought commissions in the first negro regiment from such motives as theirs. Captain Simpkins wrote from Newbern when his name was selected for a commission : —

"I have now to tell you of a pretty important step that I have just taken. I have given my name to be forwarded to Massachusetts for a commission in the Fifty-fourth (negro) Regiment, Colonel Shaw. . . . This is no hasty conclusion, no blind leap of an enthusiast, but the result of much hard thinking. It will not be at first, and probably not for a long time, an agreeable position, for many reasons too evident to state; and the man who goes into it resigns all chances in the new white regiments that *must* be raised, — chances that will without doubt be large for one coming from this organization, with such recommendations as I think (and without vanity) I could bring, and there can be no doubt as to among which colour the most comfortable and pleasurable position will be.

"Then this is nothing but an experiment, after all. But it is an experiment that I think it high time we should try, — an experiment that if successful will be productive of much good, — an experiment which, the sooner we prove fortunate, the sooner we can count upon an immense number of hardy troops that can stand the effect of a Southern climate without injury, — an experiment which, the sooner we prove unsuccessful, the sooner we shall establish an important truth, and rid ourselves of a false hope.

"There will probably be some trouble with the white troops in the field, arising from a traditional sense of honour,

too nice for me to understand, which distinguishes between fighting behind earthworks thrown up by black labourers, and allowing a negro soldier to stand in the next field to fire his gun at the common enemy; but once prove the efficiency of black troops, and the movement will be hailed by the army.

"To make the best, you must have men who are willing to try. It is of special importance, of course, in order to win the people to this movement, that it should be undertaken by the right sort of men, and that the first black regiment should have everything done for it in the way of officers, &c., that would tend to make it efficient.

"If I am one of the men selected, why should I refuse? I came out here, not from any fancied fondness for a military life, but to help along the good cause."

This was the letter of a youth to whom a military life was distasteful, but who, following his idea of duty, had fitted himself for it by careful study so well, that, as captain in the Fifty-fourth, he commanded the respect as well as affection of his brother officers, who say he would have adorned the high position which only death prevented his attaining.

It well represents the convictions which led both Captain Russel and himself to join the Fifty-fourth, — convictions, their faithfulness to which they have proved by giving their lives. They were comrades in camp; they distinguished themselves together in the fight on James Island, where for the first time their companies were under fire; they were together on the parapet of Wagner; and in death they were not divided. Each was worthy of the other. The writer of this knew Captain Simpkins. His sweet and manly nature, his clear and strong intellect, made his friendship dearly prized by all who knew him well; but only those nearest to him recognized under his natural modesty of character the possible hero, whose life became complete and glorious on the bastion of Fort Wagner.

Morris Island, August 12, 1863.

Mr. Leighton.

My dear Sir:

I received your letter of August 3d, in reply to mine of the 25th of July, and acknowledging the receipt of the captain's trunk. I still have in my possession his knapsack, and the various little things which were in it at the time of his going into action, including one blanket, his rubber coat, &c. Most of his toilet articles were lost on James Island. I have them together, and am only waiting for you to say whether I shall send them to you. I wrote to you instead of writing to any of the captain's family, thinking that they would receive any news better from you than directly from myself. I received your letter yesterday, and immediately endeavoured to get all the information possible. It seems that Sergeant Swales, Company F, of this regiment, is the only person living who was with Captain Simpkins when he was in the action. I will give the account as told by himself. He is with me at this moment, and I will give his own words. "I first saw him, as he and Captain Russel had got inside of the outer works, and were on the parapet of the left bastion of the inner fort, and in advance of the rest of the regiment, from which they had become separated after the opening of the Rebel artillery, by the night being very dark. Three privates and myself followed Captain Simpkins and Captain Russel to the parapet, by walking up the ditch, and then climbing to a position where we could look down on the Rebels. At this point a Rebel, discovering us, fired, the shot striking Captain Russel, I think, on the shoulder or left breast, and he fell backwards. Captain Simpkins then asked him if he should take him away, and he answered no, asking to be straightened out. Captain

Simpkins then asked me to help straighten Captain Russel, by taking hold of his (Captain Russel's) legs, which I did, my back towards the enemy, and Captain Simpkins had hold of his shoulders, *facing* the enemy. Before he had time to effect this, Captain Simpkins, who was on his knees, put his hand to his breast, and exclaiming, 'Oh, I am shot!' fell over on his face, and across the body of Captain Russel. Captain Simpkins did not move nor speak after he was shot. The Rebel continued firing, wounding one of the men. After snapping my own gun at him several times, I threw it down, and took the private's gun and fired. The Rebel dropped, and Captain Russel requested that I should not fire any more, as it would draw the fire of the Rebels to that point. I changed my position, falling back to the first embrasure, where I met Lieutenant Emerson and Captain Appleton. Here I remained, some twenty feet from the first position, till we all received the order to fall back, it being madness to attempt anything further.

"It would have been impossible to attempt to bring either of the officers away, for I had not the strength, nor could I have done it, exposed as I was to the continual fire and to hand-grenades. I have reason to believe that Captain Russel is not wounded mortally, but is a prisoner in the hands of the Rebels. He spoke very distinctly to me. Captain Simpkins not *moving* or *speaking* after he was wounded in the breast, leads me to believe that he died instantly." . . . .

H. W. Littlefield,

Lieut. Commanding Co. K, 54th Regt. M. V.

LETTER FROM A PRIVATE IN THE FIFTY-FOURTH REGIMENT.

[New Bedford Mercury.]

MORRIS ISLAND, August 16, 1863.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

As stringent orders have been recently issued relative to giving information in regard to military matters here, which is a very proper course and necessary, the amount of news is rather meagre; so I will violate no "General Orders" in expressing the general feeling of the regiment in respect to our late commander, Colonel Robert G. Shaw. Now that he is no more with us, the men appreciate his qualities as a friend, commander, and hero, and I might add, without any extravagance, a martyr; for such he has proved himself to be. Who would dare ascribe a selfish motive to a man whose position in life bade fair to be a high one, without the prestige of military fame? He seemed to have taken the position more in the light of a reformer, or one to put in practice a system of order and discipline among a people sadly deficient in those respects; not in a military sense alone, but because the seed of discipline sown among us as soldiers would ripen into fruit when the time arrived to become citizens, and we, as a people, would know the value of obedience, and the meaning of law and order. But I am off the point. When the raising of this regiment was first mooted, I doubt if there could have been found a dozen men in the North, holding as high a position, and with prospects of bettering themselves by another channel, as our respected Colonel, who would have accepted the unenviable position of commander of the first coloured regiment organized in the North. There was then a great doubt among sceptical

persons of our raising five hundred men ; and doubts, too, of coloured men conforming to the restraint of camp life ; and predictions that the men would run away in a week after being brought to camp. With these doubts and predictions before them, men were afraid to risk their reputation and name on what too many deemed a chimera ; they did not care to stand a chance of being the laughing-stock and butt of cynical persons. But Colonel Shaw from the beginning never evinced any fear of what others thought or said. He believed the work should be done, and he put his hand, his head, and heart to the task, with what results you all know. It has been conceded by many that he carried through Boston one of the best drilled regiments ever raised by the State. The discipline of the regiment was perfect, — not a slavish fear, but obedience exacted by the evidence of a superior and directing mind.

Colonel Shaw was not, what might be expected, familiar with his men ; he was even austere, to a casual observer. When in the line of duty, he differed totally from what many persons would suppose he would be as commander of a negro regiment. If there was any abolition fanaticism in him, he had a mind so well balanced, that no man in the regiment would ever presume to take advantage of that feeling in their favour, to disobey or use insolence ; but had any man a wrong done him, in Colonel Shaw he always found an impartial judge, providing the complaint was presented through the proper channels, for he was very formal in all his proceedings, and would enforce obedience merely by his tones, which were not harsh, but soft and firm. The last day with us, or I may say the ending of it, as we lay flat on the ground, before the assault, his manner was more unbending than I had ever noticed before in the presence of his men. He talked to the men familiarly and kindly ; he told them how the eyes of thousands would look upon the night's

work they were about to enter on, and said he, "Now, men, I want you to prove yourselves MEN!" He would walk along the entire line, and speak words of cheer to his men. We could see that he was a man who had counted the cost of the undertaking before him, for his words were spoken so ominously, his lips were compressed, and now and then there was visible a slight twitching of the corners of the mouth, like one bent on accomplishing or dying. One poor fellow, struck no doubt by the Colonel's determined bearing, exclaimed as he was passing him, "Colonel, I will stay by you till I die," and he kept his word. He has never been seen since.

BEAUFORT, S. C., Aug. 20, 1863.

. . . . . It will be remembered the Fifty-fourth held the right of the storming column, led by General Strong, commanding the first brigade. The regiment went into action six hundred and fifty strong, and came out with a loss of two hundred and eighty privates and officers, being over one third of the whole number. Among the officers the proportion is much larger. Of twenty-three who went into action, but eight came out uninjured. The regiment marched up in column by wings. The first was under command of Colonel Shaw in person; the second under Major Hallowell. When about one thousand yards from the fort, the enemy opened upon them with shot, shell, and cannister, which kept flying through their ranks incessantly, wounding many of their best officers. But still they pressed on through this storm of shot and shell, and faltered not, but cheered and shouted as they advanced.

When about one hundred yards from the fort, the Rebel musketry opened with such terrible effect that for an instant the first battalion hesitated, — but only for an instant, for Colonel Shaw, springing to the front, and waving his sword, shouted, "Forward, Fifty-fourth!" and with another cheer and a shout they rushed through the ditch, gained the parapet on the right, and were soon engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with the enemy. Colonel Shaw was one of the first to scale the walls. He stood erect to urge forward his men, and while shouting for them to press on, was shot dead, and fell into the fort. His body was found with twenty of his men lying dead around him, two lying on his own body. In the morning they were all buried together in the same pit. The first battalion, after losing nearly all their officers, were compelled to fall back, and the second came forward and took its place, and held the position until it too lost all its officers, Major Hallowell falling severely wounded.

Sergeant-Major Lewis H. Douglas, a son of Fred. Douglas, is said by both white and negro troops to have displayed great courage and calmness; he was one of the first to mount the parapet, and with his powerful voice shouted, "Come on, boys, and fight for God and Governor Andrew!" and with this battle-cry led them into the fort.

But above all, the colour-bearer deserves more than a passing notice. Sergeant John Wall, of Company G, carried the flag in the first battalion, and when near the fort he fell into a deep ditch, and called upon his guard to help him out. They could not stop for that; but Sergeant William H. Carney, of Company C, caught the colours, carried them forward, and was the first man to plant the Stars and Stripes upon Fort Wagner. As he saw the men falling back, himself severely wounded in the breast, he brought the colours off, creeping on his knees, pressing his wound with one hand, and with the other holding up the emblem of freedom.

The moment he was seen crawling into the hospital with the flag still in his possession, his wounded companions, both black and white, rose from the straw upon which they were lying, and cheered him until, exhausted, they could shout no longer. In response to this reception, the brave and wounded standard-bearer said, "Boys, I but did my duty; the dear old flag never touched the ground."

After the main body of the regiment had been killed, wounded, or driven back, Captain Emilio, together with Lieutenants Green, Dexter, and Tucker, rallied one hundred men, and held a position near the fort until 1 o'clock in the morning, when they were relieved by the Tenth Connecticut, by order of General Stimson. Even then they did not retire to the rear, but remained in the front, and brought off a great number of wounded, who would otherwise have fallen into the hands of the enemy.

The Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, coloured soldiers, most bravely led by their white officers, went over the parapet with a shout, charging bayonets, and meeting a concentrated fire of grape and bullets, — for the Rebels swear they will kill or capture every negro soldier possible. The Third New Hampshire, the Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania, and the Forty-eighth New York, all pushed up bravely, and rushed in when they got a turn.

The full heroism of our troops cannot be fully appreciated, unless it is considered that they had to face this terrible fire of all sorts of projectiles and missiles, from a numerous foe protected by breastworks and concealed by darkness, so that they could not return the fire, but were obliged to stand or

advance under it. If a lodgement was effected, traverses protected the enemy still, and guns were brought to bear on them with the deadly grape and canister from other parts of the fort, and musketry poured in volleys from behind traverses and breastworks. Guns swept the curtains, covered the parapets, and commanded every part of the work. It is not surprising, when half the officers were killed or wounded, and the living troops were surrounded by heaps of slain and disabled, and walked through pools of blood, that they wavered, and then retreated. But they did not run like sheep, and go off scattered and demoralized. Some of the regiments retired in good order; the remnants of all were formed when out of the reach of the deadliest fire. The Fifty-fourth Massachusetts behaved exceedingly well. They were the object of the most severe attack of the day. The Rebels made several rushes for wounded, fighting as desperately for that object as to slaughter or wound. To repel these dashes the men used the bayonet, but were not entirely successful, for the coloured and many others were captured alive. As the Fifty-fourth were retreating over the parapet, the colour-bearer was shot, and the State flag fell inside. The colour-guard gave a shout, and there was a most creditable rally to recover the flag. The Rebels attempted to carry flag and soldiers off, and there was a hand-to-hand fight, bayonets being freely used, till the ground was covered with soldiers. The result was, that the enemy tore off the flag, but the coloured men kept the staff.

THREE YOUNG HEROES.

[From the New York Times.]

The repulse at Fort Wagner, so nearly a success, will be long remembered for its gallantry and its loss of valuable life. Three young men fell on those bloody ramparts, who had recently walked our streets full of vigour and promise. Either of these gentlemen was by talents and education, and in every accomplishment, the superior of the most gifted of a people, whose polished and courteous demeanour lies on the surface, and does not reach the heart. They were young lions struggling with the tigers of South Carolina, and destined to fall in their bloody fangs. Each of them held high rank, and had given promise of a brilliant future. George C. Strong and Haldeman S. Putnam were classmates at West Point, the one graduating in the Ordnance class, the other in the Engineers, — both evidences of high professional attainments. Both served for a while on the staff of General Butler; and the New York regiments in service at Annapolis, in April, 1861, will remember in Colonel Putnam the young Lieutenant of Topographical Engineers who mustered them into service by order of the War Department, in which he was assisted by (now) Brigadier-General Edward E. Potter. Putnam, after serving in the Army of Virginia, was called to the command of the Seventh New Hampshire, raised as a regiment of cavalry, but never mounted, with which he served during the past year in Florida and South Carolina. At the attack on Fort Wagner he led his brigade gallantly into action, and fell while rallying his men, holding his position within the enemy's works.

He was a young gentleman of polished manners and ele-

gant address, as well as of high professional promise. He was a specimen of manly beauty, combining a face and form almost effeminately handsome, with the courage and high bearing of a veteran soldier. His death will cause many hearts to ache, while they glory in his noble career, and its honourable end.

Of General Strong too much cannot be said. He, too, was as brave as he was accomplished, and as fitted to grace society as to protect his country in the field. Although the senior of Colonel Putnam, he was scarcely thirty years of age, and yet had, in these stirring times, seen much service, and bore a wise head in council and a strong arm in action.

Colonel Shaw is better known than either of these gentlemen to the citizens of New York. He was one of the young gentlemen whom this war has developed as a soldier, and immortalized as a patriot and a martyr. Of high social position, surrounded by everything to make life dear to him, with no claim of a military education, like Strong and Putnam, to dedicate himself to arms, he chose it as a duty, and accepted the position of Colonel of a coloured regiment, to help to set at rest the question of the respectability of that arm of service. By the order of Davis he was aware in doing so that he took the chance of dying on the gallows if taken prisoner, and with that prospect before him he left home, a young wife, affluence, and high social position, to command a forlorn hope. Yet his was

> "No wild fanatic boast
> To plant the crescent o'er the cross."

He merely saw the opportunity of practically illustrating the truths he believed, and quietly stepped forward to lay down his life, if necessary, in vindicating those truths before the world. Men may sneer at those whose talk is of war, and whose acts are peaceful, — who live in warlike theories, and

die on feather-beds; but such youthful heroism as that of Shaw mounts above the necessity for the approval or censure of man, and soars aloft into the grand and heroic.

These three young heroes fell gloriously in the defence of their country's flag at a moment when thousands of young men, with far less to lose and more to gain, were plotting and contriving how to overset the laws of their country, and seize by violence the control of its great metropolis, pouring out their blood at the beck of concealed leaders, in disgraceful resistance to a duty which is the birthright of every American, — to bear arms (at least) when called upon in defence of his country's honour.

THE MASSACHUSETTS FIFTY-FOURTH.

H. W. Littlefield, the lieutenant commanding the camp of the Fifty-fourth, writes to the *Journal* as follows respecting the bravery and loss of the First Massachusetts Coloured Regiment in the assault on Fort Wagner on the 18th:

"The fight was of a 'hand-to-hand' encounter, at the same time that the guns from Fort Sumter and Cummings Point were pouring shot and shell at "cross-fire" at a terrible rate upon our brave troops.

"According to all accounts, it was one of the most destructive close encounters of the kind. Officers and men were seen fighting hand to hand with the enemy, some giving, others repelling bayonet thrusts. Men dropped from the ramparts of the fort to the ditch as if struck by lightning.

"Scarcely would the men mount the parapet, when they would be received with grape and canister, or treated to a

hand-grenade. Many of the regiments suffered severely, especially as they were ordered to withdraw from the attack. As near as can be ascertained, the loss of the Fifty-fourth, in killed, wounded, and missing, is between five and six hundred. Most of the company commanders being either killed, wounded, or missing, it is impossible for me to get a list of the names of the men. Of the officers, twenty-one were engaged, only six escaped uninjured.

"A flag of truce was sent to the Rebels for our wounded and dead, but they would not receive it, saying they had plenty of surgeons and medicines for the wounded, and could bury our dead without any help. Suffice it to say, that men could not have been in a worse position, exposed to three different fires. This time Massachusetts and her coloured troops have shown their bravery. Other regiments declare their surprise, and state that they do not wish better nor braver soldiers. 'T was their first fight, and they proved themselves worthy of the old 'Bay State.'"

The Fifty-fourth Massachusetts (the coloured regiment) went into that awful carnage under its noble commander, Colonel Shaw, whom a Rebel bullet struck as he gained the parapet. Let it be remembered that this coloured regiment, like the Louisiana coloured regiment at Port Hudson, was put at the head of a storming column, all veterans but they, — put in a position never given except to veterans, — charged with a duty of danger and death, in which the bravest troops, tried in long years, have oftener failed than succeeded. Yet in this utmost test of courage and of all soldierly qualities, this new regiment of coloured soldiers, just from the peace-

ful soil of Massachusetts, gave the most splendid and most terrible proof of its heroism, fighting in that deadly breach till almost every officer had fallen, and three hundred of its men lay dead.

[Speech of Henry Ward Beecher, Glasgow, Scotland.]

. . . . . It is a subject of universal remark, that no men on either side have carried themselves more gallantly, more bravely, than the coloured regiments that have been fighting for their government and their liberty. My own youngest brother is colonel of one of those regiments, and from him I learn many of the most interesting facts concerning them. The son of one of my friends was the colonel of that regiment that charged at Fort Wagner. He fell at the head of his men, — hundreds fell, — and when inquest was made for his body, it was reported by the men in the fort that he had been buried with his niggers; and on his gravestone yet it shall be written, "The man that dared to lead the poor and the oppressed out of their oppression, died with them and for them, and was buried with them."

THE MASSACHUSETTS FIFTY-FOURTH.

A Port Royal correspondent of the New York *Post* writes as follows of the bravery of the Massachusetts Fifty-fourth in battle, and of their fortitude and devotion afterwards while suffering from wounds.

"On forming them into line, General Strong, who, by his soldierly and kind bearing towards them, had secured their confidence, raising his stentorian voice, cried out, 'Is there a man here who thinks himself unable to sleep in that fort to-night?' The earth rang with the thunder of their 'No!' Turning to the colour-bearer, he said, 'Is there any man to take his place if this brave colour-bearer should fall?' With lifting of hands, and leaping, and almost yelling, all through the enthusiastic ranks, came the response, 'Yes! yes!'

"From General Strong himself, as he lay in the hospital four days afterwards, suffering from his ghastly wound, I learned that these men had 'had no sleep for three nights, no food since morning, and had marched several miles.' Under cover of darkness they stormed the fort, facing a stream of fire, faltering not till the ranks were broken by shot and shell; and in all these severe tests, which would have tried even veteran troops, 'they fully met my expectations,' said the General, 'for many of them were killed, wounded, or captured on the walls of the fort. No man broke till fired upon.'

"The Sixth Connecticut, who had honoured themselves at Jacksonville co-operating with coloured troops, supported the Fifty-fourth in the assault. Several of the officers lying in the hospital confirm the testimony of General Strong. The regiment went in seven hundred strong, and brought off only three hundred and sixty sound men. Of seventeen

officers, only three came out unhurt. The number of killed I have not learned. About two hundred are now lying in our hospitals. Some who had prophesied that the coloured man would not stand fire, but had finally yielded in his favour, still contended that ghastly wounds and sufferings, with slaughter and death of comrades, would quash all their love of freedom and soldiering, and silence the boasts of their friends.

"On the second and fourth days after the fight I passed through nearly all the wards of the hospital. On the second day a very large proportion of their wounds had not been dressed, and of course they were very painful. Some lay with shattered legs or arms, or both; others with limbs amputated. Rebel bullets, grape, shells, and bayonets have made sad havoc. Standing amidst a large number, I said, 'Well, boys, this was not a part of the programme, was it?' 'O yes indeed, we expected to take all that comes,' said some. Others said, 'Thank God, we went in to live or die.'

"'If out of it and home, how many would enlist again?' With brightened faces, and some raising of even wounded arms or hands, all said, 'O yes, yes!' Some sang out, 'O, never give it up till the last Rebel be dead'; or, 'the last brother breaks his chains'; or, 'If all our people get their freedom, we can afford to die.'

"Frank Myers, from Ohio, whose arm was badly shattered by a shell, said, 'Oh! I thank God so much for the privilege: I went in to live or die, as he please.' He stood right under the uplifted sword of their brave Colonel Shaw, on the very top of the parapet, as he cried, 'Forward, Fifty-fourth!' and then suddenly fell, quickly followed by Myers himself.

"No man can pass among these sufferers, so patient, so cheerful, — hear them express their desire for a speedy recovery, first and only that they may (the almost universal expression) 'try it over again,' — also, their firm conviction that

they are soldiers for Jesus, to help on his war of freedom for all the oppressed, — and not be inspired with deepest abhorrence of Slavery, and unquenchable desire for the freedom of their race. I have seen much to admire in them, as servants, labourers in the field, as soldiers in camp, on the battle-field, but never so much in all these relations that is so truly manly, heroic, and sublime, as exhibited in the furnace fires of war.

"The sympathy and kind attentions of the coloured people are unmeasured. Yesterday, Peter, from a plantation seven miles distant, calling on General Saxton, said: 'Gineral, I bro't load of corn from ou' people for de sogers in de hospital. Some gives two ears, some four, and some more, as dey be able. May de poor wounded sogers have it?' 'Yes, yes; I thank them for it,' said the General. Men, women, and children, by the hundred, have turned ministering angels to their suffering benefactors, as the baskets of corn, figs, melons, pies, cakes, kettles of coffee, soup, and numberless other tokens of sympathy clearly evince."

[Atlantic Monthly.]

Every one knows the story of the attack on Fort Wagner; but we should not tire yet of recalling how our Fifty-fourth, spent with three sleepless nights, a day's fast, and a march under the July sun, stormed the fort as night fell, facing death in many shapes, following their brave leaders through a fiery rain of shot and shell, fighting valiantly for "God and Governor Andrew," — how the regiment, that went into action seven hundred strong, came out having had nearly half its number captured, killed, or wounded; leaving their young commander to be buried, like a chief of earlier times, with his body-guard around him, faithful to the death. Surely, the insult turns to honour, and the wide grave needs no monument but the heroism that consecrates it in our sight; surely, the hearts that held him nearest, see through their tears a noble victory in the seeming sad defeat; and surely, God's benediction was bestowed, when this loyal soul answered, as Death called the roll, "Lord, here am I, with the brothers Thou hast given me!"

The future must show how well that fight was fought; for though Fort Wagner still defies us, public prejudice is down; and, through the cannon-smoke of that black night, the manhood of the coloured race shines before many eyes that would not see, rings in many ears that would not hear, wins many hearts that would not hitherto believe.

THE HERO'S MOTHER.

With what quick-thronging hopes, what wishes wild,
The mother, gazing on her first-born son,
Dreams of a glorious future for her child;
A goal of triumph for the race begun!

The world's new saviour lies in quiet sleep,
Clasped to a heart that knows no fear or care;
Upward those little feet their way shall keep,
Nor sin nor sorrow taint the mountain air!

O weeping mother of that island home!
That home so beautiful, so desolate!
All that thou couldst have dreamed or prayed, is come;
All that thou couldst have asked, is given by fate.

Wouldst thou the hero's crown? the martyr's palm?
The saintly aureole? love's myrtle wreath?
All rest with that brave hand, that brow, whose calm
Told of the steadfast faith that dwelt beneath.

He sleeps with those he loved, and died to save!
O land of youthful heroes! hast thou known
A purer sacrifice, a nobler grave,
A heart more singly true, or more thine own?

Ah, not in vain thy children die for thee!
Youth, beauty, genius, in the gulf are cast,
That yawns before the footsteps of the free,
And the best sacrifice is still the last.

O mother of the soldier of the cross!
Weep not with bitter tears thy fallen son;
Let faith and hope shed radiance on thy loss,
And wait the Future that his blood has won.

L. W. J.

[New York Times.]

Morris Island, Sept. 8, 1863.

The following correspondence has passed between the father of the late brave and lamented Colonel Shaw, and General Gillmore. It needs no word of comment: —

Brigadier-General Gillmore,
Commanding Department of the South.

Sir:

I take the liberty to address you, because I am informed that efforts are to be made to recover the body of my son, Colonel Shaw, of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment, which was buried at Fort Wagner. My object in writing is to say that such efforts are not authorized by me or any of my family, and that they are not approved by us. We hold that a soldier's most appropriate burial-place is on the field where he has fallen. I shall therefore be much obliged, General, if, in case the matter be brought to your cognizance, you will forbid the desecration of my son's grave, and prevent the disturbance of his remains, or of those buried with him. With most earnest wishes for your success,

I am, Sir, with respect and esteem,
Your obedient servant,

Francis George Shaw.

New York, August 24, 1863.

HEAD-QUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH,
MORRIS ISLAND, S. C., Sept. 5, 1863.

F. G. SHAW, ESQ., *Staten Island, New York.*

SIR :

I have just received your letter, expressing the disapprobation of yourself and family of any effort to recover the body of your son, the late Colonel Shaw, of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteers, buried in Fort Wagner, and requesting me to forbid any desecration of his grave, or disturbance of his remains.

Had it been possible to obtain the body of Colonel Shaw immediately after the battle in which he lost his life, I should have sent it to his friends, in deference to a sentiment which I know to be widely prevalent among the friends of those who fall in battle, although the practice is one to which my own judgment has never yielded assent.

The views expressed in your letter are so congenial to the feelings of an officer, as to command not only my cordial sympathy, but my respect and admiration. Surely no resting-place for your son could be found more fitting than the scene where his courage and devotion were so conspicuously displayed.

I beg to avail myself of this opportunity to express my deep sympathy for yourself and family in their great bereavement, and to assure you that on no authority less than your own shall your son's remains be disturbed.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

Q. A. GILLMORE,

Brigadier-General Commanding.

The New York *World*, referring to the preceding correspondence, says : —

"Whatever we may think of the policy of employing negro troops at all in such a war as this which we are waging, there can be no two opinions as to the high and magnanimous temper with which the father of Colonel Shaw accepts what was intended as an insult to his dead son, as an honour not lightly to be tampered with.

"The brutality which sought to wreak its vengeance upon the senseless clay of what had been a fearless foe, could not be more nobly chastised than it is by this lofty and loving pride.

"The 'chivalry' of South Carolina makes but a low and shabby figure in this painful episode of the war."

The call for funds to erect a monument over the remains of Colonel Shaw has met with a hearty response from the impulsive and generous people to whom it has been addressed. The First South Carolina Regiment has contributed for this purpose about a thousand dollars, and the coloured people of Beaufort have added from their little earnings three hundred dollars more. Other regiments will increase the amount to even more than is wanted. His grave needs but to be marked by a plain shaft, with a simple inscription ; his deeds will be his most lasting monument.

[From the Boston Daily Advertiser.]

The following beautiful tribute to Colonel Shaw appeared soon after he so nobly fell. The lines have a special interest at this moment, after the publication of the correspondence between the father of that brave officer and General Gillmore, and might be carved upon the monument which is to be erected by a grateful people:

"TOGETHER."

O fair-haired Northern hero,
With thy guard of dusky hue!
Up from the field of battle,
Rise to the last review.

Sweep downward, holy angels,
In legions dazzling bright,
And bear these souls together
Before Christ's throne of light.

The Master, who remembers
The cross, the thorns, the spear,
Smiles on the risen freedmen,
As their ransomed souls appear.

And thou, young, generous spirit,
What will thy welcome be?
"Thou hast aided the down-trodden,
Thou hast done it unto ME!"

[For the Tribune.]

A MONUMENT TO COLONEL SHAW.

What need to raise above the Hero's grave
A monument of marble, that shall tell
How well he fought, how gallantly he fell?
In all our hearts there rises to the brave
A love and reverence, that through future years
Shall stand a monument, wet with tears
Of those who prize true valour. And the foe
Who buried him beneath their trait'rous sod,
Cursing his soul, that fled away to God,
Have, in their madness, honoured him. For, lo!
There rises o'er the sleeping Hero's head
A glorious monument of noble dead.
The bones of those black soldiers, who with him
Charged into Death, and met it, calm and grim,
Lie silent there above him, and the bones
More honour give than sculptor's graven stones.
Let marble rise there, also; but the dead
Form still a nobler pile above his head.

J. W. N.

New York, October 8, 1863.

[For the Christian Inquirer.]

COLONEL ROBERT G. SHAW.

"*The Rebels buried him under twenty-five of his coloured soldiers.*"

Egyptian marble! Thus they raised
His monumental pile.
'T was meant in scorn; they did not see
The glory-rays meanwhile.

They could not see — their eyes were closed;
Nor hear — their ears were sealed —
The song of triumph that went up
From that dread battle-field.

High, high it rose to heaven's courts,
Telling of duty done,
Self-sacrifice for conscience' sake, —
A martyr's crown thus won.

More costly tomb he could not have, —
Builded with human hearts!
Resplendent light will linger there
Till Time itself departs.

O, erring men! and did ye think
That ye could war with God?
The hero-martyr passed to heaven;
Ye wait beneath the rod.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sept. 12.

[Anti-Slavery Standard.]

. . . . . We will accept the fact that the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment was chosen as the forlorn hope of the attempt to storm Fort Wagner. The post of danger and of honour was given to the black men, and it was nobly and heroically maintained, as long as it was physically possible to do so. The courage of the black man, his capacity for discipline, his coolness in the face of the most murderous onslaught, and in the presence of death and wounds, are now placed beyond all contradiction or cavil. In every instance in which they have come under fire, — here at Wagner, in the fight a few days before on James Island, at Port Hudson, and in the expeditions under Colonels Higginson and Montgomery, — in every instance, have the black troops shown every quality of dash when it was needed, of patience when that was required, of coolness in danger, of subordination to their officers, which go to make up the best veteran troops. And this they have done, in the face of greater and more terrible dangers than any of their white fellow-soldiers had to look for. Death on the field of battle, murder in cold blood if wounded, were a fate to be desired, if they chanced to fall into the enemy's hands, compared with the living death of slavery to which they were liable to be doomed, — to which we may say, and say it to the disgrace of our military authorities, they were certain of being condemned. And yet this worst of dangers has not deterred these brave and devoted men from taking up arms, and from using them like brave men, in defence of a country that has done them little but wrong in the past, and has neglected to take effectual precautions against the worst and peculiar danger which it knew impended over them in the present. We do not be-

lieve that the history of the world affords such another instance. The case of these regiments recruited at the North is more marked by ennobling qualities than that of those recruited from the plantations. These men were already free, all of them able to support themselves, and exchanging a better condition for a worse, when they enlisted in the army. The slaves improve their condition by becoming soldiers, and are fighting for the freedom of themselves and their posterity. These brave men have taken up arms, and assumed, with them, all the perils of the field and the auction-block, for the freedom of their race and the greatness of their country. It is a noble and lofty record that they will leave on the pages of our history.

With the dust of such men, the gallant and generous youth who fell at their head would have deemed it well that his own should mingle, had he foreseen what was to come to pass. What his brutal enemies meant as an indignity, he would have looked upon as a fitting disposition of his ashes. Possessing every advantage of fortune and social condition, blest with every virtue that can grace pure and ingenuous youth, adorned by every accomplishment of education and every charm of person and of manner, bound by every tie of affection that can hold a human heart closest to earth, he left it all, and cast in his lot with the lowliest and most despised of his countrymen, in life and in death, that he might deliver them and his country. He sleeps well where he lies. There is the spot where the monument, which General Saxton well suggests the freedmen of the South should raise to his memory, should rear its column, whenever victory shall have given peace and freedom to that long accursed soil.

"There, fallen to save his injured land,
Imperial Honour's awful hand
Shall point his lowly bed!"

Of all the glorious company of brave and devoted spirits which have ascended as free-will offerings from the altar of the country since this war began, we think there are few whose names will be more distinctly borne in upon men's minds than that of Colonel Shaw. It is not that many have not been as faithful to duty, and died as bravely as he, and been as deeply mourned; but he has had the fortune to have his name associated with the new era in the history of the country, when the black race was called in, to the help and the deliverance of the nation. If the nation can be saved, as we may now hope it is to be, it will be by the assistance of the race which owes us no gratitude, and to which the first favour we have granted is the privilege of fighting and dying in our behalf. This great epoch in our history Colonel Shaw has baptized with his heart's blood, and with it his name will be inseparably and forever connected.

E. Q.

[Evening Post.]

TO ROBERT GOULD SHAW,

BURIED BY SOUTH CAROLINIANS UNDER A PILE OF 24 NEGROES.

On Alaric, buried in Busento's bed,
  The slaves the stream who turned were butchered thrown,
  That so, his grave eternally unknown,
No mortal on the Scourge of God might tread.
A nobler hero, THOU hast nobler grave
  In Wagner's trench, made by unwilling slaves,
  Beneath the corpses hid of thy black braves,
Who, freed, their lives for freedom willing gave.
  In death, as life, round thee their guard they keep;
And when next time they hear the trumpet's sound,
  Will they with thee on heaven's parapet leap;
The four and twenty elders on the ground
  Their crowns before thy lowly comrades lay,
  While, "Come up higher, friend!" thou hear'st God say.

L. H.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass.

A TRIBUTE TO COLONEL ROBERT G. SHAW.

BY MRS. CHILD.

My heart is full of sorrow and sympathy, which seek expression. From the beginning of the war, I have watched the course of Colonel Robert G. Shaw with intense and peculiar interest; for I knew his character abounded in those noble and excellent qualities of which the country and the times stand so much in need, and always I have feared that he might be cut off in the morning of his beautiful life.

Then that Fifty-fourth Regiment, offering their lives with such cheerful bravery to achieve the freedom of their cruelly-oppressed race! If only their lives had been sacrificed, we should have been sad, but exultant withal; for this existence is brief at best, and self-sacrifice is holy and immortal. But to think of those brave, devoted men, after their exhaustion by hunger, fatigue, and the hard labours of battle, sent to Charleston, to be insulted and tortured by ferocious tyrants, and then sold into slavery! Father of Mercies, how this thought agonizes just and humane souls!

As for the mean, vindictive answer to the request for the body of their brave young Colonel, it will produce the effect that all such manifestations do. It will impress more deeply than ever upon the minds of the people how infernal the spirit of slavery is. To the pure and heroic soul which had just parted from that beautiful body, it could do no harm; and his immediate family have principles that will lift them above the possibility of feeling degraded by suffering with, and dying with, and being buried with, God's despised and persecuted poor. They will not forget the words, "Inas-

much as ye did it unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."

I was thinking this as I walked homeward after reading the daily news. I reflected how every inch of freedom had been won for the human race by the sacrifice of thousands of precious lives. There passed before me a long procession of men,

> "For God, for Truth, for Freedom's sake,
> Content the bitter cup to take,
> And silently, in fearless faith,
> Bowing their noble souls to death."

I remembered how despotism had always delighted to make their martyrdom look mean, and in how many signal instances the effort had failed. When priests and centurions crucified Jesus between thieves, they satisfied the arrogance and prejudice of his day, and thought they had effectually disgraced him. But instead thereof, they handed themselves down to everlasting disgrace; while the cross, which they regarded with such profound contempt, floats through the world's history, transfigured with holy life.

At the outbreak of this war, Colonel Shaw stood on the threshold of life, with the fairest and happiest prospects spread before him. An only son, dearly and deservedly beloved by his parents, and by a group of sympathizing sisters, a favourite with a numerous band of relatives and friends, to whom he was endeared by his gentle, refined, and conscientious nature, no person who saw him before the war could have imagined that it would be his destiny to die, sword in hand, storming a fort, amid flashes of lightning and roar of artillery. But when the free institutions of the country he loved were brought into peril by traitors, he did not pause to dally with the allurements of life. He marched at once, with the New York Seventh, to the protection of the Capi-

tal. As a soldier, his bravery and firmness were only equalled by his kindness. He took the gentlest care of wounded comrades, and evinced a woman's thoughtful tenderness in cutting locks of hair from the dead, to solace the bleeding hearts of distant relatives.

When the raising of coloured troops was proposed, his well-known character caused him to be at once singled out as a desirable officer. When the great moral influence he could thus exert was urged upon him, he accepted the position after a few hours' consideration. He took the dangerous post without any other hesitation than that which arose from a modest distrust of his own experience and ability. In what manner of spirit he undertook this great responsibility may be inferred from the following little incident: While the Fifty-fourth were being drilled at Readville, many people visited the encampment. Among them were two intelligent, well-bred, coloured strangers, who brought letters of introduction to the Colonel. When he invited them to dine with him, they thanked him, but respectfully declined. Being urged, they said, "You are aware, Colonel Shaw, that there is a prejudice against our complexion." "All gentlemen are the same to me," he replied, "whatever their complexion may be." He seated them at his table, and treated them with the same unpatronizing courtesy with which he would have treated the Duke of Argyle. His letters to friends, at that time, were filled with expressions of pleasure at the number of intelligent coloured people with whom he was brought into contact. He seemed to rejoice over all indications of their progress, as a generous heart does over the good luck of a brother who has been kept down by misfortune. The good character the regiment obtained in the neighbourhood of the encampment was a source of great gratification to him, and in a letter from James Island, received almost simultaneously with the tidings of his death,

he expressed delight at the high terms in which everybody spoke of the bravery of the Fifty-fourth.

There was a cousin of Colonel Shaw, by the mother's side, who, like him, passed away in the storm of battle from a world which had great attractions for him. I remember Theodore Parkman when he was a vision of infant beauty. His exquisitely fair complexion, blue eyes, and shower of golden ringlets at once brought to mind the words of Pope Gregory, "*Non Angli, sed Angeli.*" Afterwards I heard of him as a gentle, refined, highly-cultured young man, just returned from Europe, with qualifications to render him an ornament to any path of life his taste might suggest. But the trump of war had sounded, and, like his noble-hearted cousin, he left the flowery paths of life without a murmur, and relinquished all his high aspirations and tender associations, to serve his suffering country in her hour of need. His body lies in North Carolina, under a tree on which a comrade hastily carved his initials.

"Eyes of light and lips of roses,
Such as Hylas wore;
Over all, that curtain closes
Which shall rise no more!
Who shall offer youth and beauty
On the wasting shrine
Of a stern and lofty duty,
With a faith like thine?"

[For the Northern Christian Advocate.]

THE MARTYR OF FREEDOM,

COLONEL ROBERT G. SHAW.

Fair in his manhood, an offering he made;
  Youthful ambition and talent so high,
All on his country's red altar he laid,
  Battling for freedom, for freedom to die.

Beautiful martyr of freedom he stood,
  Surrounded by those, the oppressed and the brave;
And blest with the wishes and prayers of the good,
  How early, alas! he has gone to the grave.

Far south in a city of traitors he fought,
  While storming a stronghold of Rebels he died;
Winning fresh laurels he heeded them not,
  With a race of oppressed and downtrodden allied.

The oppressed were his brethren, — he thought he beheld
  The star of their freedom arise to his view;
The oppressed were his comrades, and there where he fell,
  With a band of true-hearted, they buried him too.

His name shall in grateful remembrance be held,
In the heart of his country his valour shall live;
In the contest for right and for justice he fell,
And the fame he has earned is the guerdon we give.

There's a circle, alas! where they mourn for him now,
The friends of his hearthstone, the friends of his heart;
There's one with the orange-wreath fresh on her brow;
How sad that the young and the gifted should part!

Our country will mourn her illustrious dead,
The banner he loved will be drooping and low;
And when tyranny hides from the land her dark head,
And we shall have conquered the traitorous foe;

When the stars of our Union shall brightly shine forth,
And this wicked rebellion be linked with the past;
When the bright rays of freedom streaming over the North,
Dispel all the shadows that slavery has cast;

Then history shall gather up deeds of the brave,
And with pen of the diamond engraven them here;
And to those who have cared for and pitied the slave,
Shall the Martyr of Freedom forever be dear.

M. A. B.

West Castleton, Vt., July 26, 1863.

Dear Friend:

The editorial eulogy on Rob in the *Post* removes all doubt, and leaves us no alternative but to believe he has received, long ere this, the reward which is due to those who have never failed in their duty.

I saw the short telegraphic despatch, and, as the awful fact stood clear before me, it seemed to me that God might have spared us this blow. I have always thought that Rob would escape the final shot, — that he might be wounded, or made prisoner, — but that he was too pure and noble to be taken away in the very beginning of his joys and usefulness.

My wife and I weep and mourn, and feel that one dearer to us than you can realize, is gone, and that our memories of the days gone by are to be treasured as priceless. Ah, dear sir, I would I could show you how we loved him, for it would comfort you a very little, could you fully realize how well Rob has lived.

Of all my friends, there was no one who had such a pure, simple, and spring-like nature as he. Sometimes I could compare him to a trout-stream, so clear and fresh and joyous; and then, when I remember his prompt obedience to orders, his unselfish readiness to sacrifice himself to labour for others, his readiness to keenly defend a good cause and to attack injustice, he seems like the purest tempered steel. I have never seen another such nature, so strong and fresh and unselfish.

Rob's enjoyment of the True, the Beautiful, and Good was quick and unflagging, and his contact with the impurities of life seemed to have made no spot or stain. He had a quick and keen insight into Right and Wrong, and a religious nature, which he was never ashamed to recognize.

How dearly he loved his home it needs no one to tell you. He was not a communicative person, and yet, at times, talked freely to those he loved and trusted. In our many expeditions, he talked much to me, and his love for home was ever most prominent; it surprised me often, when I knew how much he had been absent.

No one can know the loss he is to us; for almost every pleasant memory of my army life has Rob in some part, and late or early, tired or grieved, he was ever ready to aid and sympathize. God's blessing seemed to flow out of him, and only that we are left behind, would I for a moment regret his loss.

In the presence of your overwhelming sorrow, the mention of our grief must seem almost misplaced; but there is a kind of alleviation in talking to those who knew him better than we. I have never known any one who was acquainted with Rob, who did not feel a kind of tender love for him; and even at his mess, where were many men utterly diverse, and holding opinions particularly displeasing to him, he was loved by all.

He had a power of maintaining his own opinions without offending others, and though keen and prompt to act for the Right himself, could make ample allowance for others' difficulties. He was wise beyond his years in many things, and often surprised me in the happy judgment he would form of things that would have seemed never before to have come into his thoughts; and withal, he was so child-like and simple that no one could feel his presence a restraint.

Let me ask you, if, when Rob's things come home, there is anything personal to himself that you can spare to us, as a keepsake and memento of one whose memory will ever be tenderly cherished by your truly loving and sympathizing friend,

R. Morris Copeland.

Delhi, N. Y., July 26, 1863.

My dear Madam:

Bound together as we all are by a common cause, permit me to add my sympathy to that of all who know you, and who knew your heroic son, in this hour of grief and bereavement.

I knew your son — who was a classmate of my brother, James Wilson — very well, during his earlier years, and have never lost, and shall never lose, the memory of his beautiful face, his sincere and manly manner, his charming social talents.

It was consciousness of the noble qualities behind this exterior, which every observer possessed, that made him, after all, so valued; and how nobly he lived up to the most noble conception of excellence, his early death has told us, alas! too well.

Could anything add to your holy joy in having given such a son to the world, to your blessedness in his lovely life and noble death, it must be that your country, and, more nearly still, that poor race for whom he sacrificed so much, weep with you, and will ever regard his name as a talismanic utterance, the synonyme of manly adherence to duty, whatever duty may be.

Excuse the liberty I take, dear lady, and believe me,

Respectfully yours,

M. E. W. Sherwood.

Delhi, N. Y., July 26.

Dearest Mrs. Shaw:

There is nothing to offer you but tears; we must be dumb before grief like yours. Your son has nobly

wrought the work he was appointed to do; and who may grudge that the Lord of all considered his task completed early in the day?

I recall with sickening horror the aspect of that dull "Morris Island" shore, whose barren sands I never looked to see watered with such precious blood.

I feel more drawn to you, my dear friend, because that terrible spot is so familiar and so sad to me. At the throne of Infinite Mercy we meet, and pray that God will give us patience to bear what He sees is best. With our treasures laid up in heaven, we may wait His will on earth. I believe your son had a happy life here. He was universally beloved. He leaves a spotless name among the heroes of his country, and he has gone to a great reward. A little while, and the reunion will come.

With love, yours,

CAROLINE CARSON.

BOSTON, July 27, 1863.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

You will not deem me an intruder upon your sacred sorrow, if I draw near to you in this your hour of deep grief. You know that I *must* sympathize most truly and affectionately with you; for, in addition to our life-long friendship, have I not lost a first-born son? Did I not also learn to look upon the sweet, loyal youth who so bravely fell at Charleston, as one almost of my own, because he and his regiment were, so soon after my own loss, brought into close relations with me at "Camp Meigs"?

I talked with the brave youth ere he started. I cheered

the regiment at parting. Never can I forget that sweet smile which he gave, when twice (once in Park Square, and again in State Street) I proposed to the surrounding crowd to give "Three cheers for Colonel Shaw!" It was full of intelligence and sweetness. It seemed to beam with youthful joyousness, as he sat his horse so finely, and withal bore his ovations so modestly. I can bring it all before my mind, and now I feel, in thinking of his quiet, patriot, hero's grave, much as I did when my darling's death was first told to me. Ah, how terribly grand is the present hour! Our brightest, most loving, and most beautiful are cut down! Our hearts are torn, and we lie for the moment prostrate in the dust. But thanks to the Almighty Lord, that out of our very griefs He makes the noblest altar of sacrifice to Him. What a blank would the universe now be, could we not truly feel that every event comes from a Father's hand!

"Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me."

Pardon me, dear friends, if I write aught distasteful. I wanted you to know that you have my warmest sympathy, and I have tried thus to show it. You came to me when my heart was *almost* broken. I could not keep away from you when you are thus bowed down.

May God grant you His sweet peace!

Ever most truly yours,

HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

NAHANT, July 28, 1863.

DEAR SIR:

Sooner or later you may derive some comfort in your great sorrow, from the recollection of the circumstances under which you have sustained the heaviest loss which may befall a father. Allow me, therefore, not to be the last to call up some considerations which may help you to bear your grief.

The charming character of Robert must ever be present to all those who knew him, and far and near, in this or in another world, it remains to all times what it was. His affectionate nature grew into the most devoted patriotism as soon as the occasion presented itself; and amidst the lukewarm attention paid by many to the dearest interests of the country, his promptness to rise to the highest call of the hour must forever remain a brilliant example to his cotemporaries, the record of which already belongs to history. The time is rapidly coming when it will be remembered that a young man, actuated by the loftiest principles, had deserved to be placed in a most responsible position, at an age when most young men are still under the guidance of others; and that, in this position, he led the first battalions that were to secure freedom for a race held in bondage, on the very soil where their servitude had been declared to be the "*corner-stone*" of a new republic.

You may mourn for your darling, and we will mourn with you and your family; but take comfort in the thought that few men are ever allowed to fall so nobly, in a noble cause; and believe that you have the deepest sympathy of a very large circle of friends.

Ever truly yours,

LOUIS AGASSIZ.

NEWPORT, July 28, 1863.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I feel for you and Mrs. Shaw and the girls, more than I can put in fitting words. I feel for you all, in truth, exactly what I should feel for myself, — profound pity; and yet such a pride in the noble and beautiful boy, such a grateful sense of his finished manhood, as disdain that pity. It is a great leaf in God's book of life, now fully turned over for you, and I cannot but believe that the lesson of it will be erelong altogether welcome. You have seen it partially turned before, in every danger he was exposed to, and have had glimpses of its meaning; but now the page lies forever open before you, and nothing hinders your soon learning there, with infinite satisfaction, that true life begins with death, or rather in it, and is never again confronted by it.

In the mystical Creation, we are told that "the evening and the morning were the first day," and so on. This is because in Divine order all progress is from dark to bright, from evil to good, from low to high, and never contrariwise. And this is the reason why, though I feel for you the tenderest sympathy, I cannot help rejoicing for him even now with unspeakable joy, that the night is past, and the everlasting morning fairly begun.

Give my tenderest love to dear Mrs. Shaw and the children, and believe me, my dear friend, with perfect affection and sympathy,

Yours,

HENRY JAMES.

July 28, 1863.

My dear Friend:

I cannot write to Mrs. Shaw, although she is first in my thoughts. I know that her gift was without reservation, and God has accepted it.

He was always a saint in my eyes, — pure, true, self-consecrated, — and he has now the crown. At such a crisis, one noble spirit always stands as the personification of some great result, to which he had dedicated his life, — so Robert Shaw seems to me. That he was taken away, with his three hundred blacks, without pain or suspense, before Charleston, is a prophecy of more than we can hope for now. To us, all is uncertain; but the Rebellion is over, and his poor, persecuted blacks are free, to his clear spiritual vision. His death has finished what his life promised. Without ambition or excitement, simple, calm, retiring, I never knew a hero, a Christian hero, such as we read of, before. Nothing is wanting. Youth, beauty, birth, wealth, position, — the love of women and of men. Thank God for him! All this is nothing to you now. You cannot yet follow him to his great reward, and there is nothing to be said, — nothing but the assurance of our prayers, our love to you all.

Eliza H. Schuyler.

Boston, July 29, 1863.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Shaw:

I cannot reconcile myself to the thought that your son is dead; and yet I fear that there is small room to doubt.

To-day I saw your old and faithful servant and friend Smith; and we sorrowed together over this bereavement, which we felt bitterly for ourselves and also for you. But he had lived nobly; and I know no soldier's death finer than that of a young commander at the head of his men, on the parapet of an enemy's fort, which he had entered by storm. But in his case the heroism is enhanced by the cause in which he fell, and the companions by whom he was surrounded.

You have lost much, but you have also gained much. Nobody can give so generously to country or to human freedom, without compensations which must last as long as consciousness or memory.

As for him, he is already famous on earth. He must be happy and welcome in heaven.

Ever sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

July 29, 1863.

MY DEAR MRS. SHAW:

I ought to apologize for thus addressing you, but trust you will excuse the liberty I take for the sake of the great interest I felt in Colonel Shaw. His friendship for my brother prepared me to love him, and though favoured but a few weeks with his acquaintance, no one so well as yourself can know the deep impression made, even in that short time, by his earnest character.

When in your note, the day after he marched with his regiment, you kindly asked me always to associate him

with my brother,* I little thought they would be so soon united.

I know how powerless are words to speak our deepest feelings, and yet I long to express to you the true sympathy we feel in the sorrow for your loss, and the pride in your noble hero. His country has chosen him as its costliest sacrifice to Liberty; and it is not too much to hope that, as the leader of the first regiment of negro troops, his glorious death may advance, more than any event of the war, the cause for which we have sacrificed so much.

When the beautiful vision, which was beheld by so many thousands, of the inspired and brave young hero at the head of his dusky followers, is recalled, many who never had an earnest thought about it before, will feel, "this must be a sacred cause, for which such a youth has offered so willingly his life."

I beg you to forgive me if I have done wrong in writing to you, or if my words have given you pain. They are a poor expression of my heart's tribute to the nobleness of your son.

Believe me very sincerely yours,

EMMA ROGERS.

WESTPORT, July 30, 1863.

DEAR FRIENDS:

All expression of sympathy seems obtrusive in sorrow so great as yours; but I have known Robert from

* Major James Savage, of the Second Massachusetts Infantry, who died of wounds received at Cedar Mountain.

his childhood, and have known and loved his brave, gentle, sincere, and generous soul. From the first, too, I have watched his career as a soldier, with a tender presentiment that he was to fill a bright place among the martyrs of liberty. What a heart-breaking destiny for us, that we must lose such worth, such manly truth and beauty, out of all the remainder of our lives! but how enviable for him, and for so many other young heroic peers of his, to die amid the glory and the terror of battle, defending their principles and the whole future of humanity in this crowning crisis of man's history! We remain to mourn, to suffer, to continue the conflict as best we may; but Robert has gone up, like the prophet, in a chariot of fire.

So with the grief of my love for him and for you, there is mingled a noble consolation, a thrill of almost joy, especially when I remember that he died a leader of the outcast and the oppressed. Such a death, of such a man, would renew my faith, if I had doubted concerning the end. God governs; and the lives of so many among the best of his children are not offered up in vain.

Affectionately, your friend,

CHARLES A. DANA.

NEVIS, August 1, 1863.

May I, dear Mrs. Shaw, say this word of deep sympathy to you and Mr. Shaw, at this time of great bereavement?

I remember seeing Robert quite often during the winter we passed in New York; so simple, so modest and sweet, and

yet so self-possessed, sensible, and earnest; and now, I can hardly express my admiration and respect for that gallant officer, that calm, resolute, deliberate young martyr, — your "treasure laid up in heaven," — an example to his countrymen for all generations.

God has seen fit, in this struggle, to take our best to himself. May He, through their sacrifice, do away with some of the tears and sufferings of that patient race. Robert has given for them his noble spirit, his beautiful, happy life.

May you have comfort and peace from on high!

Yours truly,

MARY M. HAMILTON.

MORRIS ISLAND, S. C., August 1, 1863.

DEAR MRS. SHAW:

I began, but could not finish, a letter to you last week. I wanted to express in some way, to have you understand, how deeply we feel your husband's death, and that you have our sympathy in your hour of grief. Every day adds to the great loss we have had, and we miss the controlling and really leading person in the regiment; for he was indeed the head, — brave, careful, just, conscientious, and thoughtful. He had won the respect and affection of his men, and they all had great pride in him and his gallantry. Many a poor fellow fell dead or mortally wounded in following him even into the very fort, where he fell; glad thus to show their affection, or unwilling to seem backward or afraid to follow their dear, brave Colonel even to death. Your husband has been, I think, quite happy

since we have been out, and found much to enjoy in our life, particularly at St. Simon's. He had also great reason to be proud of his regiment, and their good conduct on James' Island showed for the first time their quality as soldiers. They showed, he thought, in the most trying position, coolness and courage to a remarkable degree.

The ten days preceding his death, had been days of great discomfort, much anxiety, and part of the time, considerable exposure and hardship, but he was always bright and cheerful; the night before the fight, he stood all night on the wet beach, superintending the embarkation of the regiment, and, at daylight, I saw him steering with his own hand the last boat-load of men to the steamer.

The last time I spoke with him, was when we were moving to the front, — he rode by me again with General Strong. He spoke cheerfully, but of course there was a seriousness. All knew and felt the terrible danger that was before them. But bravely he led the men, and fell, as a brave and noble soldier should, in the very front, into the fort, and now sleeps there with the brave fellows who were with him in his life, anxious to shield him, to rescue, to avenge.

I can only give you my deepest, warmest sympathy, and am

Very truly yours,

LINCOLN R. STONE,
Surgeon Fifty-fourth Regiment.

BOSTON, August 1, 1863.

MY DEAR SHAW:

Under the shadow of our own sorrow, I have thought constantly of you and of your family. By the

associations I had with him, and his relations with my own sons, the Colonel became to me a young man whom I highly esteemed, and whose career I watched with the greatest interest. It was a melancholy satisfaction to me to write of his worth and graces, whilst the remains of my own boy were waiting for burial; and I had a sad enjoyment in seeing the tributes to their memory side by side, in print. But I did not take the pen to speak of myself. I simply wish to copy for you a few words in a letter from John (Adjutant in the Second), written after hearing of his brother's danger, — we have received nothing from him since the intelligence of his death was forwarded. In a hurried postscript he says: "Poor Bob Shaw, one of the best fellows I ever knew, — a perfect gentleman, a warm friend, a brave and able officer. May He who 'tempers the wind to the shorn lamb' comfort his poor young wife! The number of our old officers grows smaller daily. God grant that there may be one or two left to lead the regiment home again, when this cruel war is over!"

Yours in the fellowship of a noble grief, and with every sentiment of friendship.

THOS. B. FOX.

August 1, 1863.

DEAR MR. AND MRS. SHAW:

While passing a few days near the Delaware-Water Gap, Angie and I first saw the sad news. We then saw conflicting accounts from Morris Island, and hoped. But if it be that our dear Robert has indeed fallen, our consolation is, that, "Gentle, brave, and generous," in the nation's cause of justice and human rights, the noble hero fell.

We share in our inmost hearts your affliction; for, outside of his immediate family, none knew him better, none loved him more. Our sympathies are always with you.

THOMAS HICKS.

Extracts from Letters of Captain H. B. Scott, a classmate of Colonel Shaw.

. . . . . It was only the other day, as I stood on the parapet of Fort Wagner, near which Robert Shaw is buried, that I could realize that he — with whom I had parted only a few months before, flushed with the prospect of success in his regiment, and radiant with the happiness of his love — was indeed dead. An officer who saw him as he passed up to the assault, told me his face was white as snow, but that there was determination in every line of it, to take the fort, or die in the attempt.

I do not know whether you have ever met him; but if you have, his singular frankness and purity of character must have struck you. He was universally beloved, and could do what few men can, and that is, tell his friends of their faults in such a way as not to give offence, and also make them correct them. . . . . .

. . . . . I haven't said anything about Bob to you, because I feel utterly unable to express what I think; and after all the beautiful things that have been said and written about him, any common language must appear trite and stale to you. But I have never thought that justice has yet been done to his merits. I have known him six years, and known

him only to love him more and more every year. Six years of my life have been rendered happier by his life, and in his death he has left an example that any one may be proud to emulate. . . . . .

August 2.

DEAR ——

. . . . . When I got back, I found a letter from Mr. Olmsted. This is part of it: "And the solemn war goes on. Did you see the reply to an inquiry for Colonel Shaw's body, under the flag of truce? — 'We have buried him with his niggers!' Would he not have chosen it to be so? And is it not best so? Do you know that General Armistead sent for an old classmate and regimental comrade who had remained true to his colours, just before he died, and said, 'I want to say before I go, that I feel, and have felt ever since I went into this business, that I have been sinning against God and my country.' What a different death from Robert Shaw's! If such a death is not worth living for, I don't know anything that would make life valuable. I wish that I had known him better." . . . . .

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August 2, 1863.

MY DEAR MRS. RUSSELL:

I felt very sorry not to find you at home when I called. I wished to express to you my heartfelt sympathy

for the tragic event, by which it has pleased God to wound the hearts of your beloved kindred, and your own, and at the same time to add another to those precious sacrifices which have been so nobly laid upon the altar of country and humanity. Tributes of gratitude and admiration are flowing in to you, as is meet, from every quarter, and so you hardly need the separate offering, and yet how withhold it in such a case? It seems a debt from each one of his countrymen, but especially from all those who feel so deeply interested in the oppressed race, for whom he gave up his young, noble life.

I never spoke to him, but I saw him twice at the head of his regiment, — first on that splendid morning at the camp when the banners were presented. I shall never forget that day, or his look. I gazed on him steadfastly, and with extreme interest. I felt this for your sake, and for his father's, whom, though such a lifetime has passed since I saw, I so well remember at the very age of his son, — with that same fair, open, manly countenance. Then the position he was taking, seemed something sublime in itself. I pleased myself in contrasting his fair hair, and delicate, refined features, with the dusky faces of his soldiers, and thought of him as the type of the Anglo-Saxon race, offering itself in sacrifice for the African. As he moved gracefully, kindly, and resolutely among his black troops, I thought of what he was going to encounter, what to battle against; and it seemed to my fancy he was the young angel champion Michael, in Guido's picture, trampling down Satan, yet retaining a sweet, noble expression.

Again I saw him as he passed through Boston, that morning of the departure of the Fifty-fourth, and once more caught a glimpse of the inexpressible sweetness of his smile.

I saw Effie for the first time that day. May she be

spared the suffering to which her brother's young wife has been called. Begging you to excuse this long note,

Yours very truly,

ANNA C. LOWELL.

NEW YORK, August 9.

MY DEAR MISS NELLIE:

Ever since the first shock of hearing of your great grief, I have longed to say to your mother how much her distress was felt by us. And yet we have no right to intrude; but I must tell it to you, for I have such a wish to say how we share her pain, that it cannot be quite wrong to say so to one of her children. For this great loss of yours, there is no new strength possible. When our Saviour was in his last sufferings, even in that moment, he recognized his mother's grief, and gave her to the care of the loving-hearted John, although he knew that in such a short time she should again see him, and that for all eternity she should be with him. Yet in that one act, I think he sanctioned, by his great pity, the right of a mother to the feelings which this fearful wrenching away of a child's life gives. Your mother has more loving hearts in her home than are given to most sufferers in this war. You are an undivided family; and in your keenest grief, you can feel that it was in God's own service that that young brilliant life was given, — given, not taken away, — and given so grandly, so manfully, and with such complete and splendid devotion, that you can feel it emphatically of that life, that, being given for God's poor, it is lent to the Lord. And so it is, not only with us, but,

as I see, with many others, that while we recognize and deeply sympathize in the inevitable sorrow that has come to your lovely home, yet, beyond this, we see already how much gain to the noble cause springs from his loss to you.

That such a sacrifice should be cheerfully given for such a cause, makes many wonder, and many more resolve to do likewise. From thousands of homes go up prayers for those who loved him best, and no human malignity can deprive him of the noblest funeral rites that can be given to man.

Most sincerely and affectionately yours,

JESSIE FREMONT.

KENDAL, England, August 10, 1863.

MY DEAR SIR:

When I returned home to-day, my wife met me with tears in her eyes, to tell me that she had heard sad news, and that your son was no more. The thought of his loss to the cause, and of your overwhelming loss in him, has been in my mind ever since, and now I take my pen, venturing to add one word of sympathy to the many fruitless outpourings which will be offered to you. I ought to apologize for intruding into the circle of your family bereavement, for I am but a stranger to you, and yet I assure you that I feel as though the shadow of your grief had in a degree spread over me; and when I picture to myself all the circumstances of the case, I feel what a heart-breaking loss you and his mother have sustained.

Into the more public nature of the loss I may enter freely. And truly your son was one of those young heroes whose

bravery is made perfect by having a cause worthy of it. I felt that the arming of the negroes, and their discipline as soldiers of the Union, stood out as a turning-point in their history; and then I learnt that your son was to lead the first black regiment. The courage and the discipline of the black men have been closely watched both by their friends and their enemies, and who shall say how much that courage was owing to the inspiration of their young leader, and of those other brave spirits who followed him in his devoted career.

But I feel how vain it is to buoy up feeling by cold argument. We wanted your son, and men like him, to carry out the rapid successes of the Federal arms, to check any compromise of principle in the ultimate settlement, and then to watch over the conflicting interests of a community of double race.

God, who has, for good ends, permitted the sin of slavery to bring such an awful war into your country, has seen it right to frustrate our hopes, but we cannot doubt that He will still find instruments for His work; and even in the darkest hour of private sorrow and public perplexity, we can count with perfect faith upon another life, in which we shall find no sin or sorrow can enter.

Believe me, in true sympathy,

Yours most sincerely,

JAMES CROPPER.

PHILADELPHIA, August 16, 1863.

MY DEAR MADAM:

While the Fifty-fourth Regiment was stationed on St. Helena's Island, I had the happiness of meeting your son several times. The singular charm of his manner, the nobleness of soul that shone through his face, won all hearts to him; and it is not strange that I, belonging to the unhappy race for whom he gave his life, should have a feeling of deep personal gratitude, mingled with the affectionate admiration with which I from the very first regarded him.

On one occasion, Colonel Shaw, after witnessing the remarkable ceremonies, and listening with deep interest to the singing of the people on our plantation, expressed his desire to "have some of these hymns to send home," he said. I was very glad to copy them for him, but had not quite finished them, when the regiment was ordered away. I send them to you, thinking you might like to have them, as they were copied for him. I regret very much not being able to write the music, as the airs of many of them are very beautiful and touching. Before leaving the South, I spent some days in one of the hospitals of Beaufort, occupied by the wounded soldiers of the Fifty-fourth. I cannot tell you what a pleasure it was to see them so brave, so patient, so cheerful, in the midst of their sufferings. Many were badly wounded, but I heard no word of complaint, no murmur from any one. They only expressed their eager desire to get well, that they might enter into the conflict again. Their attachment to their Colonel was beautiful to see. I believe there was not one who would not willingly have laid down his life for him. How warmly, how affectionately, they spoke of him! "He was one of the very best men in

the world," they said; "no one could be kinder to a set of men than he was to us." Their wan faces lighted up as they spoke in enthusiastic terms of his goodness and his courage. Brave, grateful hearts! I think they will ever prove worthy of the gallant young leader, "without fear and without reproach," whom they loved so well, and who gave up all for them.

Pardon me if I intrude upon the sacredness of your sorrow. I could not resist the impulse to say what I have.

I am, my dear Madam,

Very truly and gratefully yours,

CHARLOTTE L. FORTEN.

BEAUFORT, S. C., August 17, 1863.

MY DEAR SIR:

I have learned that Colonel Shaw's horse is now at Morris Island. I will see that he is sent to you by the first opportunity.

I am glad that you are satisfied with the proposed plan of a monument to be built by the coloured people on the spot where that noble, honoured life was laid down. It seems to me that none could have a prouder monument. The people seem fully to understand its meaning, and will contribute generously out of their scanty means.

It is my wish that the whole sum should be given as a free-will offering from the Freedmen in this Department. It has been suggested that a plain shaft of Quincy granite would be both enduring and appropriate; its size to depend upon the amount given by the people for the purpose.

Your own wishes would, however, control entirely in this matter.

May I express my heartfelt sympathy for you in this great sorrow, which, in the mysterious providence of God, you are called upon to bear? But there is a "silver lining" to the dark cloud which is over your hearts; for the son who has gone to his rest has left behind him a glorious record of duty bravely performed. We cannot but feel that they who live and die so nobly, shall wear the crown for all eternity.

I am, with great respect,

Yours sincerely,

R. Saxton.

Quincy, August 17, 1863.

Francis G. Shaw, Esq.

Dear Sir:

Although I am aware how delicate is the endeavour, and how difficult the fit moment to mingle sympathy with suffering, yet I cannot refrain from uttering the deep grief of my heart, and communicating to you and your lady my sad coincidence of feeling with you, on your bereavement.

It is not for me to speak to you of that faith and trust in the wisdom and goodness of the All-Disposer, who distributes to us mortals happiness and sorrow, as seems best for us to His infinite will. Your own minds have already sought and been consoled by the assurance, that, "whatever He gives, He gives the best."

But I may be permitted to recall the many causes of

gratitude and consolation which are united with your lot, rendering it at once conspicuous by virtue, and permanently useful as an example. Your son gave his life in defence of the integrity and laws of his country. He yielded it in association with an oppressed race, contending for freedom and the rights of human beings. He fell in a conflict selected, and on the spot assigned, by the authorities of his country, in a service for which only the highest bravery is selected, and which none but the bravest spirits would attempt. He fell with brave men, contending for liberty and their rights, and was buried with them, in a grave which will be hallowed and celebrated in all future time, whenever and so long as the rights of human beings shall have an advocate, martyrdom in their defence have an eulogist, and the spirit of chivalry, ennobled by union with virtue and religion, shall be honoured and reverenced.

My friend, let these truths assuage grief which they cannot prevent. Could long life, if permitted to your son, have done more, or have given to him a more prosperous or immortal career?

In sympathy for your sorrows,

I am truly your friend,

JOSIAH QUINCY.

ELMWOOD, August 28, 1863.

MY DEAR SARAH:

Not a day has passed since I heard the dreadful news, that I have not thought tenderly of you and yours; but I could not make up my mind to write you, and the

longer I put it off, the harder it grew. I have tried several times, and broken down. I knew you would be receiving all manner of consolation, and, as I know that consolation is worse than nothing, I would not add mine. There is nothing for such a blow as that, but to bow the head, and bear it. We may think of many things that in some measure make up for such a loss, but we can think of nothing that will give us back what we have lost. The best is, that, so far as he was concerned, all was noble, and of the highest example.

I have been writing something about Robert, and if, after keeping a little while, it should turn out to be a poem, I shall print it, — but not unless I think it some way worthy of what I feel, however far the best verse falls short of noble living and dying such as his.

I would rather have my name known and blest, as his will be, through all the hovels of an outcast race, than blazing from all the trumpets of repute. . . . . .

If the consolation of the best is wearisome, it is yet something to have the sympathy of every one, as I know you and Frank have. God bless and sustain you!

Your always loving

J. R. Lowell.

Plymouth Grove, Manchester, Aug. 29.

My dear, dear Mrs. Shaw:

You cannot think how our hearts bled for you, when we had the sad news we had only guessed at in the papers, confirmed to us, by a letter from Mrs. Sturgis. I know as well as any one that he died nobly doing his duty,

"laying down his life for others," thus showing the greatest love possible; but O! dear friend, I know what it is to lose a child, and I do feel for you. Some one has sent us the lines on Colonel Shaw, signed "E. S., Boston." Reading them, and thinking of you and of him, *where he is buried*, I say that I would rather be the mother of your dead son, than the mother of any living man I know. I wish I had ever seen him, if only for five minutes, — noble hero, true Christian. What does the poor insult signify? Will not God raise him up to His own right hand, from any depth of earth? Yes, and those whom he died for will rise with him, and bear their solemn witness of blessing to him before the throne.

I cannot write more. Dear Mrs. Shaw, good bye! God be with you, as he was when he strengthened you to give up your child to His service!

Your true and affectionate friend,

E. C. GASKELL.

BEAUFORT, S. C., August 30, 1863.

MY DEAR CURTIS:

. . . . . I was here when the wounded officers and soldiers of the Fifty-fourth were brought in; being in the same category myself, I could do but little for them. They, the enlisted men especially, appeared very manly and cheery; and has any one told you that when the false rumour came that Colonel Shaw was only wounded, the men expressed their delight from their beds, and exclaimed, "*He's de best man in all de world*"?

The only time I saw him was the first evening of their arrival from Boston. I was out on picket, and rode in on

purpose, and took tea with him in camp. I had a strong impression of quiet power; and there was a tinge of watchful anxiety in his look, and in one or two penetrating questions he asked me, which I could well understand. It is no slight thing to feel on one's shoulders the destiny, not only of a regiment, but a race. . . . . .

Truly your friend,

T. W. Higginson.

Berlin, September 2, 1863.

My dear Mrs. Shaw:

It is in vain now for me to say that I regret having sent a gay and light letter to you from Switzerland, which must have fallen upon you, in your deep sorrow, almost as a mockery. But I meant it well, and it was only on my reaching Munich that I received the tidings that for the moment threw darkness over everything.

So young, so noble, so far above the many in knowing where, in our time, the path of true nobility lies! He has placed his name among those who shall never be forgotten as long as time endures; and I feel sure that, in the eternal circle, he came at once into the great company of those who counted not their lives dear unto them, so that they might honour God with self-denying, but joyful service.

It filled me with a great, but tender joy, to know that he had, so young, begun to lead forth this poor and despised people towards a future with possible manhood in it, — that he had given them a right to be honoured, inspired them with heroic bravery, led them first where veteran soldiers might well have shrunk, — and that he laid down his life

among them and for them, as well as for his own dear country. Neither was it displeasing to me that he was buried with the negroes who fell around him. So it should be; and the time will come, and soon, when men will see the glory of such an end of such a life.

I know well how much you sympathized with those in Massachusetts who had like afflictions, and that the possibility of your great sorrow had been brought very near to you, in the death of one and another. Ah! what a noble record is there of heroic young spirits who gave themselves from out of the midst of wealth, home delights, and scholarly occupations, to the service of their country, and bore hardship as good soldiers, giving their lives as a witness of their deep convictions. A martyr host is gathering. Sometimes my heart had almost died in me; — our young men seemed ignoble; the faith of old heroic times had died; men were entangled in selfishness and petty ambition, and no one was found to despise the emptiness of outward life, and to witness to the transcendent glory of a life of divine principles; — but the trumpet of this war sounded the call, and O! how joyful has been the sight of such unexpected nobleness in our young men! Your dear son was found among the elect, — now he is crowned. Lowell, Savage, Stearns, Willard, Putnam, Dwight, Goodwin, Parkman, Shaw, and scores of others, — these are our stars of rejoicing, and the harbingers of a better day for our dear land.

I have not been before God for myself and my own house, since I heard of your sorrow, without remembering you and yours, and that dear child, his wife. I may not speak of a father's grief; yet I am not altogether without some understanding of it. At any hour I may have my own sorrow. I do not receive a letter that my first thought is not, "Has anything befallen my dear Harry?" My first prayer for him is, that he may be found faithful, and next, that I may

be prepared for any event that God shall send. I have given wholly and unreservedly that son, and leave all the rest with a loving God.

At this distance, I cannot write as I would. I do not know your experience, as if I talked with you; but it cannot be far wrong to say, that I bear your burden with you and yours, and that I cease not to bear all your pierced and sorrowing hearts to that wounded Heart who consoles evermore with wonderful love and tenderness. Will you say to Mr. Shaw how deeply I feel his trouble? and to your dear daughters be kind enough to express from me a brother's sympathy in their loss of a dear and noble brother.

I am, with great affection, yours,

H. W. Beecher.

Paris Island, S. C., September 6, 1863.

Mr. Shaw.

Dear Sir:

Two weeks ago I read to the congregation assembled for religious worship in our unplastered and unpainted church, the appeal of General Saxton to the coloured labourers and soldiers to contribute from the first earnings of their freedom, for the purpose of erecting a monument upon the spot where fell your noble son, on the 18th of July, in the assault upon Fort Wagner, and explained to them, as best I could, the purpose of the monument.

There was a general expression in favour of the object, and yesterday was appointed for a general meeting to contribute what each could spare. Rev. Mr. Lynch, a mulatto man from Baltimore, came down and preached to us on the

occasion. We had a congregation of one hundred and twenty.

To say that Mr. Lynch (his mother was a slave) was eloquent, would be tame language. He stirred up the people, as one of them expressed it, "*as if de Lord were dar in dere midst*"; and at the close, each one came forward with the mite to be added to the other mites, for the good work. Our people are poor; many are ill at this time, and could not come out; and yet, I am proud to say, twenty-seven dollars were given. It was a day of intense emotion to me. Never had these people been called upon before, never this privilege of freedom offered them; but they seemed to grasp the whole subject, and their faces glowed with pride, not unmixed with a sad regret, as they came forward to lay their offerings upon the table. Old women who are unfit for work came to me, saying in whispers: "*Missus, let me hab a quarter; please do, missus, and me fotch you some egg, when de hen lay*"; "*Missus, gib me ten cent, and me pay you sweet 'tatoe.*" "Missus" emptied her purse, and borrowed two dollars, and dealt it out in dimes and quarters, only sorrowing that her white blood precluded her from doing anything more.

Dear Sir, your son has had volumes of praise from pens that might do honour to his conspicuous merit; but when old Flora, eighty-five years a slave, clasped her withered hands together, and looked up towards heaven, exclaiming: "*Bress God! now dis day I know I's free! Bress de Lord, dat he let old Flora see sich day as dis! — de wite man dying to git us free, and we a buildin' him a big, great stone! O missus, I so tank de Lord, I's been a dancin' on one foot dis whole hour,*" — I felt it was the loftiest tribute of them all. Do not think there was any levity in this; it was the untutored expression of her heart. She, the old broken mother, her children all gone, — sold from her heart, all but two, — and she hobbling on her cane, could think of no higher

type of joy and thankfulness than "to dance on one foot," "for an hour."

Yours, with the deepest sympathy,

FRANCES D. GAGE.

BADEN, le 7 Septembre, 1863.

MA CHÈRE MADAME MINTURN :

Quoique Madame Roulet ait écrit à Madame votre mère au sujet de la triste nouvelle que vous nous avez communiquée, il y a quelques semaines, je veux aussi, pour ma part, payer mon tribut de justes regrets à la mort de ce Robert que j'aimais tant, et c'est depuis ici, où je fais un séjour pour me reposer, que je veux recueillir encore une fois tous les souvenirs qui me rendaient si cher votre frère.

Oui ! Je rappelle ici toutes nos courses, nos leçons, nos conversations, nos discussions, où il se montrait si franc, si loyal, avec tant de bon sens et de jugement. Il serait devenu un citoyen précieux pour son pays, à cause de sa droiture et de la richesse de ses sentimens, comme aussi par ses connaissances.

Malheureuse et fatale guerre ! J'amais à espérer qu'il n'en serait pas la victime, et, cependant, depuis la reprise vigoureuse des hostilités, je tremblais à chaque moment de voir arriver le fatal bulletin.

. . . . . De ce coté de l'ocean, tous ceux qui ont connu Robert Shaw regrettent vivement sa perte, et sympathisent du fond de leur cœur avec les douleurs qu'elle a causées dans sa famille et dans son pays, où il avait deja su si jeune se faire remarquer par ses riches qualités. . . . . .

L. A. ROULET.

VIENNA, September 8, 1863.

MY DEAR SHAW:

I have hesitated for some time, since receiving the tragic news of the storming of Fort Wagner, whether I could venture to write you a line of sympathy. It is so painful to intrude upon a grief like that which has fallen upon you and yours, and yet it is so difficult to refrain from uttering a word or two to an old friend at such a time. Of course, there is nothing to say in the way of consolation. Words of sympathy never yet bound up a broken heart; and, alas! we live in an age of broken hearts in our country.

I have no sons. If I had, I believe myself honest when I say that I had rather they had died such a death as your son's, than that they were living in safe and cowardly ease, remote from all participation in the great events which constitute this period in our history, one of the most grandly and earnestly heroic epochs in the whole history of mankind.

I had never the pleasure of knowing your son intimately; but the impression he made upon me, when I saw him with the rest of his companions in arms of the noble Second Regiment, in the camp at Brook Farm, remains very distinctly upon my memory.

I have followed — we all have followed — his admirable career with deepest interest. How often have we spoken of him, as one of whom our whole country had a right to be proud. So long as our nation can produce such youths as he, who would not glory in the name of American? But we have always hoped that he would still be spared as a model and an example to his cotemporaries, as well as a blessing to those to whom he belonged.

We feel, in this our distant residence, very keenly, the individual losses and sacrifices that are the daily payment of

the great debt which preceding generations have entailed upon this one; and you may suppose how bitterly we all lamented over the deaths of those gallant young officers of the Second and Twentieth Massachusetts Regiments, which carried so much desolation among families we know so well.

But the fate of your son has moved us most deeply. There was something about him personally, and about his career, which moved the sensibilities of all who had feelings to be touched. The descriptions of his marching through Boston at the head of his black soldiers — himself, with his fair hair and bright face, the very type of the Anglo-Saxon Christian warrior — appealed to the very dullest imagination. I wished heartily that I could at least have been there among the crowd in the streets, to join in the cheers which sped him on his way to death, — and to an immortal name.

He has died a hero's death, — for if it be not heroic to lay down one's life that our free Republic may live, and that the most oppressed race on earth may be converted from chattels into soldiers and men, I know no meaning in that much-abused word.

My children, at least, will one day see a monument to him, I feel sure, erected upon the spot where he lies; and I should wish no prouder epitaph for him, than the response to the flag of truce, — "*He is buried with his negroes.*" The path to immortal happiness is as direct from such a grave, as from the stateliest tomb; and certainly his name will ever be cherished on one of the sacred pages of the nation's history.

I know not if such reflections are a consolation to you, — perhaps at a later period they may be; but I have often thought, since hearing of his fate, how fondly his image will be retained in after days, as a type to inspire American genius. When we, all of us, have been long gathered into the common granary — sculptors, painters, and poets will delight

to reproduce that beautiful vision of undying and heroic *youth*, and eyes not yet created will dwell upon it with affection and pride.

And when the history of these dark, tragic, but most honourable days, comes to be written, there is nothing — not Gettysburg, nor Vicksburg, nor Port Hudson, nor the Emancipation Proclamation — that will fasten itself more closely on the popular memory, than the storming of Fort Wagner by the Fifty-fourth, with their Colonel falling on the rampart, sword in hand, cheering on those despised blacks to deeds of valour.

I hope that you will pardon me, my dear friend, if I have intruded upon you. I will say no more, except that my wife and daughters join me in most sincere sympathy and sorrow, and hope that you will express those feelings to your wife, and to *his* wife (so soon, alas! bereft of him), and to all those of your household.

Ever, my dear Shaw,

Most sincerely yours,

J. Lothrop Motley.

Dorchester, September 9, 1863.

My dear Mr. and Mrs. Shaw:

I am sure you will not deem it too great an intrusion upon the sacredness of your grief, if I follow the promptings of my heart, and express to you my true and deep sympathy in your most afflicting loss.

It was not my pleasure to know your son, but I knew of

him through my own, of whom for two years he was classmate at Cambridge, and also, through others, I knew of his noble qualities, and of the high promise he gave of excellence and usefulness.

I had the satisfaction of being introduced to him, and having a little talk with him, at a meeting in a private house in Boston of the friends of the Fifty-fourth Regiment, after he had taken command of it, — and was impressed by the simple dignity of his bearing, his manly earnestness, so strikingly contrasted with his look of extreme youthfulness; as I was also drawn to him, in admiration of his noble self-devotion, — that more than loyalty, more than patriotism, — that heroic identification of himself with a despised and hated race, in his desire to uplift and bless them.

You have indeed been blessed in him, to a degree that should call forth, as I know it must, your gratitude. What truer cause for gratitude than a child, risen through all the temptations and perils of youth, into an uncorrupt and noble-minded maturity? All the greater I know, for this, is your loss. And yet, the satisfaction and joy of having had such a son, of having him still to remember and love, is indeed a great blessing. There is the fact of his beautiful life to stand ever before you, — nothing dims its brightness. If he must have been taken from you, you could hardly desire it to have been otherwise than it was. He has died for a cause, for interests, than which there are none more sacred. He heard the call of Duty in the high exigencies of the hour, and — in the spirit of heroic self-devotion, in the magnanimity of youthful enthusiasm — he obeyed. It was a most precious sacrifice, but it has an immortal beauty, and immortal recompenses.

Into what fellowship of suffering and of glory have you entered! How many the homes and hearts darkened as yours are — shall I not say blessed? — by the fall of the

youthful heroes who went forth from them, among the fairest and noblest of the land! The sympathies of many hearts embrace you, made quick and tender by a kindred experience; and of many, many more, who may not know your sorrow thus, but who are afflicted in your affliction, while in the name of Patriotism, and Freedom, and Humanity, and God, they bless you.

I am, most sincerely, of these, and, as ever, your friend.

NATHANIEL HALL.

CONCORD, September 10, 1863.

MY DEAR SIR:

On account of their scope and allusions, you will forgive me for enclosing to you some unfinished verses of mine. I have sent them already to the "Atlantic Monthly," but my daughters have made it a point that I should copy them for you.

I could heartily wish that it were in my power to send you any just expression of the feeling which all the members of my family have, with the country, of the public debt to your house and its hero.

With affectionate sympathy and respect, yours,

R. W. EMERSON.

VOLUNTARIES.

I.

Low and mournful be the strain,
Haughty thought be far from me ;
Tones of penitence and pain,
Moanings of the Tropic sea ;
Low and tender in the cell
Where a captive sits in chains,
Crooning ditties treasured well
From his Afric's torrid plains.
Sole estate his sire bequeathed —
Hapless sire to hapless son —
Was the wailing song he breathed,
And his chain when life was done.

What his fault, or what his crime?
Or what ill planet crossed his prime?
Heart too soft and will too weak
To front the fate that crouches near, —
Dove beneath the vulture's beak ; —
Will song dissuade the thirsty spear?
Dragged from his mother's arms and breast,
Displaced, disfurnished here,
His wistful toil to do his best
Chilled by a ribald jeer.
Great men in the Senate sat,
Sage and hero, side by side,
Building for their sons the State,
Which they shall rule with pride.
They forbore to break the chain
Which bound the dusky tribe ;
Checked by the owners' fierce disdain,
Lured by "Union" as the bribe.
Destiny sat by, and said :

" Pang for pang your seed shall pay ;
Hide in false peace your coward head,
I bring round the harvest-day."

II.

Freedom all winged expands,
Nor perches in a narrow place,
Her broad van seeks unplanted lands,
She loves a poor and virtuous race.
Clinging to the colder zone
Whose dark sky sheds the snow-flake down,
The snow-flake is her banner's star,
Her stripes the boreal streamers are.
Long she loved the Northman well ;
Now the iron age is done,
She will not refuse to dwell
With the offspring of the Sun.
Foundling of the desert far,
Where palms plume and siroccos blaze,
He roves unhurt the burning ways
In climates of the summer star.
He has avenues to God
Hid from men of northern brain,
Far beholding, without cloud,
What these with slowest steps attain.
If once the generous chief arrive
To lead him, willing to be led,
For freedom he will strike and strive,
And drain his heart till he be dead.

III.

In an age of fops and toys,
Wanting wisdom, void of right,
Who shall nerve heroic boys
To hazard all in Freedom's fight, —

Break sharply off their jolly games,
Forsake their comrades gay,
And quit proud homes and youthful dames,
For famine, toil, and fray?
Yet on the nimble air benign
Speed nimbler messages,
That waft the breath of grace divine
To hearts in sloth and ease.
So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must*,
The youth replies, *I can*.

IV.

Oh, well for the fortunate soul
Which Music's wings infold,
Stealing away the memory
Of sorrows new and old!
Yet happier he, whose inward sight,
Stayed on his subtile thought,
Shuts his sense on toys of time,
To vacant bosoms brought;
But best befriended of the God,
He who, in evil times,
Warned by an inward voice,
Heeds not the darkness and the dread,
Biding by his rule and choice,
Feeling only the fiery thread
Leading over heroic ground,
Walled with mortal terror round,
To the aim which him allures,
And the sweet heaven his deed secures.

Stainless soldier on the walls,
Knowing this, — and knows no more, —
Whoever fights, whoever falls,

Justice conquers evermore ;
Justice after as before, —
And he who battles on her side —
God — though he were ten times slain —
Crowns him victor glorified,
Victor over death and pain ;
Forever : but his erring foe,
Self-assured that he prevails,
Looks from his victim lying low,
And sees aloft the red right arm
Redress the eternal scales.
He, the poor foe, whom angels foil,
Blind with pride, and fooled by hate,
Writhes within the dragon coil,
Reserved to a speechless fate.

v.

Blooms the laurel which belongs
To the valiant chief who fights ;
I see the wreath, I hear the songs
Lauding the Eternal Rights,
Victors over daily wrongs :
Awful victors, they misguide
Whom they will destroy,
And their coming triumph hide
In our downfall, or our joy :
Speak it firmly, — these are gods,
All are ghosts beside.

R. W. E.

Extract from Letter of Lieutenant-Colonel Hallowell.

. . . . . When the first attack was made upon Fort Wagner, you may remember that it failed because some of the regiments refused to advance under so heavy a fire, and the report came to us upon James Island that a call would be made for volunteers to charge and take the Fort. Colonel Shaw told me of it, and proposed to offer our regiment, saying that, if the honour were conferred upon us, it would be a splendid chance to prove to the world that our men were worthy to be respected as soldiers, and that we were willing to risk our lives in the cause we had undertaken.

On the 15th of July, after the fight in the morning, the Fifty-fourth was sent to the front, and while there we received our last mail. The Colonel and I sat down together, and read our letters, and then talked of our homes, and the friends we might never see again. During the conversation, I asked him if, in case we charged the fort, he intended to go in front of the men, or behind them; to which he replied: "I cannot tell now, but I trust that God will give me strength to do my duty." He then asked me if I believed in presentiments, and said he felt he should be killed in the first action. I told him I thought it wrong to yield to such a feeling, and he must shake it off. He quietly answered: "I will try."

At 9 o'clock that night we were ordered to march to Cole's Island, where we stayed all of the next day, and where he wrote a letter to Governor Andrew, and one to you. The whole of the night of the 17th we were occupied in getting the men on board the steamer. After breakfast on the 18th, I found him lying on the deck near the pilot-house. I said: "Rob, don't you feel well? Why are you so sad?" He

turned towards me, and replied: "O Ned! if I could only live a few weeks longer with my wife, and be at home a little while, I think I might die happy; but it cannot be; I do not believe I shall live through our next fight." We stayed together for some time without speaking. He then asked me to leave him, as he wished to think about home. In an hour he came down. All sadness had passed from his face, and he was perfectly cheerful the rest of the day. We got the men ready to land at Folly Island. We marched about six miles to the inlet, and then crossed in boats to Morris Island. The Colonel went with Wilkie James to find General Strong, to whom we were ordered to report, and I fell asleep on the sand. Wilkie came back and told us that the General wished us to march to the front, to assist in the assault on Fort Wagner. We then marched to General Strong's head-quarters. The General invited Colonel Shaw to supper, and sent me with the men farther on. When he rejoined us, the Colonel told me what we were expected to do. I asked him if he would send the things he had in his pocket to the rear. He said: "No, they may as well go with me." The regiment was formed in two lines; the Colonel taking the right wing, which was in front. While we were waiting for the order to advance, he came to me and said: "Ned, I shall go in advance of the men with the National flag; you will keep the State flag with you. It will give the men something to rally round. We shall take the fort, or die there. Good bye! If I do not come back, take my field-glass." We then parted. He seemed happy and cheerful; all of the sadness had left him, and I am sure he felt ready to meet his fate.

I saw him again, just for an instant, as he sprang into the ditch; his broken and shattered regiment were following him, eager to share with him the glory of his death.

I loved him sincerely, with all the feeling one man can have for another. . . . . .

Extract from Letter of Adjutant James.

. . . . . It seems an empty form to attempt to convey to you on paper any estimate of our gallant Colonel's worth; for his undeviating fidelity to his convictions, the quickness with which he jumped at anything which could vindicate publicly the valour of his men, always proved to us clearly that we had a model Colonel, and, above all, a model man, to lead us. His unswerving candour made his judgments always upright, and his counsels respected. The longer we were with him, the better we appreciated the value of his leadership. I remember that, as we were walking together up to the front of our works on Morris Island, to report the arrival of the regiment to General Strong, he seemed rather downcast and sad. Perhaps it came from fatigue, or from ignorance of what next we were to be put to.

We at last found the General, and he announced to us his intention of storming Fort Wagner that night. He then said: "You may lead the column, if you say 'Yes.' Your men, I know, are worn out; but do as you choose." "Yes" seemed to be a foregone conclusion with the Colonel. His face brightened up, and he immediately ordered me to bring the regiment to the front, before giving any other answer to the General. Those were the last words he spoke to me. I shall always remember them, for his countenance seemed to change entirely, and in what he said there seemed to be such an undercurrent of life and hope for the regiment, that I looked upon it as prophetic of something good to come.

WAYLAND, October 18, 1863.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND:

. . . . . Some solace it must be that he died so honoured and beloved, with such a halo of holy light around his youthful head. I went with some friends to Mount Auburn last week, and I thought no monument there was so beautiful or grand, as would be a simple shaft to him erected by the ransomed poor for whom he died. I saw at the Anti-Slavery office a young coloured man from the vicinity of Fort Wagner. He said nothing could exceed the gratitude and devoted affection which the coloured people felt for his memory.

Mrs. Jacobs, writing to me from the hospitals in Alexandria, says: "How proud and happy I was that day, when I saw the Fifty-fourth reviewed on Boston Common! How my heart swelled with the thought that my poor oppressed race were to strike a blow for Freedom! were at last allowed to help in breaking the chains which their kindred had so long hopelessly worn! I felt, that day, that all the distinction I could ask for that regiment had been given them in their noble young leader. I was too happy to think of any dark side; and when the dreadful news came, I hoped, for days, that it would prove untrue. God has willed it otherwise, for some purpose higher than we can conceive. . . . . .

"I hope, some time, to look upon his grave, which will be a sacred spot to our children and our children's children."

This is true glory, bright and pure, without a shadow. . . . . .

Your loving friend,

MARIA L. CHILD.

74 Lower Mount Street, Dublin,
October 22, 1863.

My dear Mr. Curtis:

I cannot easily express the mingled emotions of pain and gratification with which I have read your letter, which has just reached me.

I had of course heard before of the tragical event which it describes, and, I am sure I need not add, heard of it with profound sorrow. In all its circumstances, it is one of the most sorrowful occurrences which I have ever known. But, as you are not ignorant, the calamity is not without compensation; and I trust that those on whom it has fallen are already learning to "o'ermaster grief," by combating it with that "holy pride," which is so justly pointed to by the writer of the fine lines you sent to me.

I have read also, with particular interest and admiration, Mr. Shaw's letter to General Gillmore. It was all that was wanting to make the heroic episode perfect in all its parts.

The progress of the right cause, since we last exchanged a letter, has indeed been wonderful, and I am inclined to hope that the moral movement has at least kept pace with the military. I was particularly pleased with Lincoln's letter to the Illinois Democrats. It proves him to be, what I take some credit to myself for having very early perceived, a man of truly statesmanlike calibre of mind. To my taste, there has been none like him since Washington. The metal, indeed, received the temper slowly, but now that it has got it, "it can stand the strain of being in deadly earnest."

It is to you, I imagine, that I am indebted for the present of Mr. Fisher's "Trial of the Constitution." You led me to expect in it an able work, and I have not been disappointed. The discussion of the constitutional question leaves

little to be desired, — the writer's boldness, I confess, astonished me; but his treatment of the slavery problem is to my mind anything but satisfactory. The assumption of incorrigible indolence and hopeless incapacity for civilization in the negro, in the teeth of the facts which are daily coming to light, is singular in a man of his evident fairness of mind. Much, however, it is possible, has happened since this portion of the book was written, and it may well be that it does not represent his present opinions. In connection with this subject, — the race question, — I follow with extreme interest the labours of the Freedman's Inquiry Commission. Their publications are most encouraging, not alone for the promise they give of the improvement of the negro, but still more for the evidence they afford that at length the sense of responsibility on this question has reached the best and most practical minds of the nation.

. . . . . Assuring you of my deep sympathy, which will you also express for me to Mr. and Mrs. Shaw,

I am, dear Sir,

Most truly yours,

J. E. Cairnes.

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88 Marion Street, New York,
October 23, 1863.

Mrs. Shaw.

Dear Madam:

I received this morning the two photographs which you had the kindness to send me. I am extremely obliged to you for them, not only because I shall hereafter have before me the likeness of your brave and illustrious son,

but also because the gift furnishes me with an opportunity of expressing to you my admiration of the short but brilliant life of the young hero. We all watched with great interest the career of Colonel Shaw. We all loved him, and prayed for him and his gallant boys.

It has been the source of great relief to me, to learn that you had borne your loss with Christian fortitude, and submission to the will of God, who is too good to be unkind, and too wise to err. He has blessed you in appointing you to be the mother of such a son. May He still bless you, in giving you many pleasant thoughts in regard to his devotion to God and Liberty! I am sure that your heart would have glowed with maternal pride, if you had heard his men speak in my church, on last Sunday night. The mention of his name by a Sergeant of the Fifty-fourth, who was near him when he fell, excited a feeling so deep and enthusiastic, that even my rather staid and precise people were hardly kept from cheering on the Lord's day. The Sergeant said there was not a man in the regiment who would not willingly have laid down his life for him. Many things were said of him, all of which illustrated the opinion which is universally entertained, that Colonel Shaw was an honourable man, a brave soldier, a genuine and true gentleman.

Please accept my best wishes for your health and happiness, and believe me to be,

Your obliged and obedient servant,

HENRY HIGHLAND GARNET.

HARTFORD, October 27, 1863.

DEAR MRS. SHAW:

Again and again I have had it in my heart to write to you, and have been stayed only because what I would say is unutterable. Lady Byron, writing to me a year after my Henry's death, said: "I did not write, because the words I should have uttered would have been drops of blood." We are — all of us who feel the full pressure of these times — living at a frightful inward expense of vitality, and often I cannot write to any one of that which touches me nearest.

I met Mr. Shaw and your daughters passingly in a railroad depot this summer, but had only a silent hand pressure to give, — I dared not more then and there. You have perhaps seen Brother Henry's noble and touching mention of your son, in England. It is a thing — that death and burial — which I can never think of with composure; and yet I call you blessed among women, that so it is. I have heard of the faith and patience which God has given you all, — God alone can give such things as these, — and it is my surety that the day of His right hand is come, that so you feel; you, and many other fathers, mothers, and wives. I have heard from you, though I have said nothing, and, for days at a time, you all have been in my thoughts and prayers.

I know, better than any, how deep and long is that valley of the shadow of death, which those must walk who have given a dear one back to God. It is long as life, and the sacrifice never ceases to be a daily one. There will, there must be, hours when faith and courage will almost give way to the craving anguish of love. I am less forward to speak to the bereaved than once I was, because I know just what it is, and must be, and will be always, when the first sustaining impulse is gone, and we must learn in the detail the loss

which we could be resigned to as a whole. Yet God is equal to supporting us through all — I have found, I *know* He is, and I believe and trust you will so find. We shall go to them, though they shall not return to us: there is comfort, as every day brings us one step nearer.

Please give my love to your dear daughters, my sympathy, if so much I may dare, to her whose most (next to his mother) he was, and believe me yours, in the unity of the great faith of sorrow and love.

H. B. Stowe.

Boston, October 30, 1863.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Shaw:

. . . . . I avail myself of this opportunity to assure you of my deepest sympathy, in view of your bereavement in the loss of your noble son, at the storming of Fort Wagner, at the head of his coloured soldiers. At the time, I forbore sending you any formal expression of my feelings, because I deemed it considerate not to break the privacy of your grief. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness," and neither stranger nor friend can profitably intermingle therewith. . . . . .

Your letter to General Gillmore, concerning the removal of the body of Robert, thrilled my heart. . . . . Though the manner in which that body was interred by the Rebels was intended to express the acme of satanic pride, contempt, hatred, and malice, yet it only serves to brighten and perpetuate the historic fame of the patriot-martyr, and to cover themselves with everlasting disgrace. To your lamented boy may be most fittingly applied the lines of Whittier: —

But where the South wind lingers
On Carolina's pines,
Or falls the careless sunbeam
Down Georgia's golden mines;
Where now beneath his burden
The toiling slave is driven,
Where now a tyrant's mockery
Is offered unto Heaven;
Where Mammon hath its altars
Wet o'er with human blood,
And pride and lust debases
The workmanship of God;
There shall thy praise be spoken,
Redeemed from Falsehood's ban,
When the fetters shall be broken,
And the SLAVE shall be a MAN!

My wife and children unite with me in proffering you the highest sentiments of esteem and sympathy. Since our oldest son has left us to take his chance in the same way and the same locality with Robert, we have been brought into tenderer concernment with you than ever. The same cup may at any moment be pressed to our lips, that you have drained to the dregs. God help and strengthen us all to the end!

Your friend,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

Extract from the Address of Governor Andrew to the Massachusetts Legislature, November, 1863.

GENTLEMEN: — One other subject claims consideration at the present moment. It is kindred to that which is the special object of the session. It is the just payment, according to their enlistment and rights as soldiers, of the Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth Regiments of Massachusetts Volunteers. To my own mind, the right of these men, under the existing statutes, to the lawful pay and allowances of volunteers, is demonstrably clear. But if it is doubtful, it is agreed, I believe, in all quarters, that it will be the duty and pleasure of Congress to embrace an early opportunity to prevent, by positive legislation, the continuance of that doubt. Meantime I must embrace the earliest occasion to invoke the Legislature of Massachusetts to render justice to the men of these regiments, beyond the possibility of a doubt, by the appropriation of the needful means out of our own treasury, until the National Congress, or Executive Department, shall correct the error.

The employment of coloured men as soldiers, usually regarded at the formation of these regiments as a mere experiment, has now become of universal acceptation. To the good conduct in camp, the proficiency in drill, the aptness to learn, the cheerful, the enthusiastic, and persistent valour of these coloured volunteers of Massachusetts, is due, in the largest measure, the existing confidence of the people in the capacity of coloured American soldiers, and the favour with which they are welcomed throughout the army. I have the most authoritative testimony that "your (our) infantry regiments *have settled the question of the coloured man's fitness for infantry service.*"

But I remember, with burning shame, that the men of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, who held the right of the advance, on that terrible night of the 18th of July, in the assault on Fort Wagner, led by that gallant young American, whose spotless life, whose chivalrous character, and whose heroic death, there is no marble white enough to commemorate, — that these men, wearing the uniform of the National army, carrying the flag of the Union and the colours of Massachusetts, accepted, sworn and mustered into the volunteer service, as a part of the contingent force of our own Commonwealth, who have made a name for their race as enduring as history, and have fought as none others could have better fought, — yes, with burning shame, I daily remember that these men, *soldiers* as they are, are denied the wages of soldiers, and are put off with the ten dollars per month, clothing included, prescribed for all manner of uninspected, unenlisted persons of African descent, who are employed, under an exceptional statute, for whatever service they may be found competent.

I think there can be no proposition of law more clear than this, viz., that coloured men are competent to be enlisted into the regular army of the United States, into the volunteer army of the United States, into the navy of the United States, and to be employed in any arm of either service.

The Military Enlistment Law of 1814 required only that the recruit shall be a "free, effective, able-bodied man, between the ages of eighteen and fifty years." (See Act of December 10, 1814.) It did not require a man to be under forty-five, nor a citizen, nor white, in which three respects it differs from the old Military Act. The Naval Act of 1813 is not less clear. The Act of Congress, entitled "An Act more effectually to provide for the national defence, by establishing a uniform militia throughout the United

States," required the enrolment of "each and every *free* able-bodied *white* male *citizen* of the respective States." This is the first Militia Act. It was passed May 8, 1792. . . . . .

NOTE. — The Legislature of Massachusetts made the appropriation above recommended by the Governor; but the Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth refused to accept from the State that which was due to them from the United States.

[Letter to Anti-Slavery Standard.]

. . . . . I have just had the pleasure of hearing — from a gentleman connected with the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment, and lately arrived here from Morris Island, where that regiment is now serving — of the excellent conduct, military and moral, of the coloured troops now before Charleston, and of a frank and hearty fraternization with them by their white fellow-soldiers in the other regiments on that station. Their eminent bravery in the attack on Fort Wagner, the distinguished proficiency they have shown in military discipline, and their manly bearing and good conduct generally, have won them golden opinions, even from those who went there sharing the popular prejudice against them. . . . . .

New York, November 25, 1863.

Brig.-Gen. Saxton, *Beaufort, S. C.*

My dear Sir:

. . . . . I saw by the papers, a few days since, that plans had already been submitted for the monument on Morris Island, and I want to make a suggestion to you about it, though perhaps needless.

.It seems to me that the monument, though originated for my son, ought to bear, with his, the names of his brave officers and men, who fell and were buried with him. This would be but simple justice. . . . . .

If, apart from the record, any motto be needed, that of the Old Bay State — "Ense petit placidam, sub libertate, quietam" — seems to me appropriate; and further, as my son was an hereditary member of the Cincinnati, that which belongs to the Society — "Omnia reliquit servare rempublicam" — not less so. . . . . .

I remain, my dear Sir,

With great esteem and respect,

Yours truly,

Francis George Shaw.

Beaufort, S. C., December 8, 1863.

My dear Sir:

I had hoped to speak with you upon the subject matter of your letter of the 25th November, but I shall not be able to visit the North at present.

Your suggestions with regard to the proposed monument to your son, Colonel Shaw, meet my entire approval. It has always been my intention to consult your wishes in every respect in regard to this matter, both as to the form of the structure, as well as the inscription upon it.

The fund will be very large, considering the source from whence it is derived, — not less than three thousand dollars. No man has received a nobler tribute. The spot where it is to stand is now in our possession. Although it would not yet be safe to place it there, I have entire confidence that it is destined to stand there, unmolested, to mark through all the future where a brave sacrifice was made for freedom.

I am, Sir, with great respect,

Sincerely yours,

R. Saxton.

Dubuque, Iowa, December 20, 1863.

Miss Ellen Jackson :

Arriving here yesterday from Libby Prison, Richmond, I found your letter of October 10. In answer to your inquiries, I am only able to say, that I was on the battle-field near Fort Wagner, Morris Island, S. C., early in the morning of July 19. While caring for the wounded nearest the fort, I was taken prisoner. Going into the fort, I was shown the dead body of a United States Colonel, — the Rebel guard said it was that of Colonel Shaw, of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts. He had been shot dead while upon the parapet, and was lying where he fell.

No other officers of that regiment, that the enemy knew of, had been killed ; and not knowing any of the gentlemen

connected with the land forces, of course I could not identify any of the many dead officers I saw. All of our officers taken prisoners, *uninjured*, had then been sent to Charleston. I subsequently met them all, and was in prison with them for three months. There was not only no officer of the Fifty-fourth among them, but none of them knew of any of the Fifty-fourth officers having been taken alive. Some of these captured officers were in the fort until after the cessation of hostilities, and the withdrawal of our forces, and up to that time no officer of the negro regiment had been brought into the fort. Of course, none of these captured officers knew who were killed outside of the fort.

All our wounded that fell into Rebel hands were sent up to Charleston in the afternoon of July 19, and on the morning of the 20th I was allowed to assist in attending to them; was with them four days, became acquainted with all the officers among them, and am very sure that no officer of the Fifty-fourth was among them, and none of these wounded officers knew of any of them having been taken, either wounded or unhurt.

Thus, I am of the opinion that no officer of the Fifty-fourth was taken prisoner by the Rebels, and am afraid that your nephew was among the killed.

All the officers killed in the assault were decently buried, excepting Colonel Shaw. His remains were thrown into a trench with those of the privates, and then covered up. I did not see this, but was told by General Hagood, commanding Rebel forces at Morris Island, that such would be the case, and was afterwards told by another Rebel officer that it had been done.

Regarding the privates of that regiment: fifty-five of those captured were wounded, — many of them died in the hospital at Charleston both before and after being attended to. They were much dejected, and yet bore their sufferings with

great bravery. When I was taken from the hospital, about thirty-five were yet alive, and doing well. I never learned whether they were sent within our lines with our other wounded, or not. About one hundred more of this regiment were taken uninjured. They were taken first to Charleston jail; then the Rebel government gave them to the State of South Carolina, that the State might make such disposition of them as it wished. The Governor organized a court to decide the fate of the poor fellows. A leading lawyer of Charleston volunteered in their behalf, and after hearing his arguments, the court decided that the State could take no part in the affair. The negroes were again taken possession of by the Rebel government, and when I left Columbia, South Carolina (November 9), were all in Charleston jail. I omitted to say that, while the State of South Carolina held them, they were kept in Castle Pinckney, in Charleston harbour.

Regretting that I cannot give you more definite and cheering reports, and heartily sympathizing with you in your sad loss and painful uncertainty, I am, with respect,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN T. LUCK,
Assistant-Surgeon U. S. Navy.

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74 LOWER MOUNT STREET, DUBLIN,
January 10, 1864.

MY DEAR MRS. SHAW:

. . . . . Let me now say how much obliged I feel for the photograph you have so kindly sent me, and assure you that I shall always prize it exceedingly. There

is in the expression a mournful earnestness, combined with high-souled resolution, which, I should think, would bespeak your son's character. It seems to say that he had foreseen his fate, and accepted it.

I have been thinking of fixing the remembrance of your son in my own small circle, by a device which I hope you will not object to. Within the last few weeks, my wife has brought me a son, and, if you will permit me, I will name him "Robert Gould Shaw." When he is old enough, he shall learn the story of him after whom he is called, and, I trust, will learn also never to disgrace a name which will henceforward be a household word with those who desire the triumph of human freedom. . . . . .

Ever most truly yours,

J. E. CAIRNES.

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64 VIA SISTINA, ROME, Feb. 11, 1864.

MY DEAREST SARAH:

. . . . . I have not written to you this last year, because I knew that all of love and sympathy were close to you, and I did not care to put on paper the ache that was at my own heart perpetually in thinking of you. When the new year came in, and I remembered how you would write the new date that cut off the year when he last lived and spoke and smiled, from all future years, I thought of you, as I do many times every day, with the tenderest pity and affection.

I do not think I ever had the chance to tell you what an impression Rob made on me, in my pleasant visit at Staten Island. I cannot be glad enough that I saw him then, in

his beautiful youth, working so simply at the commonplace work that seemed set to him, and loving you with such a precious and special love. I want you to let me have, when I come home, the photograph of him as he was then, for I shall never see a face that will be lovelier to me. That you should so have trained him, that, when the hour struck, he was level to the highest duty of the time, and simply fulfilled it, is enough for a woman to have done, dear friend; and, blank and pale as life looks when such a creature as he is stricken out of it, it seems to me you must have one kind of comfort in thinking that the best thought, the best hope, that was in you, impersonated in that delightful child, stood, visible and radiant, at the very point where the powers of light and darkness were at mortal strife; and, though he fell, that which his fair face that instant represented, has passed into the hearts of our people, as only an impersonated idea ever does. There must always be sacrifice — slaying of the Isaac of our hearts — before one step is made forward for the race or the individual; and though I could sit by your side, and cry my heart out for the beautiful boy, on the other hand, I am content and glad for you.

Many women have given their sons bravely and faithfully to fight and die, — it has been bestowed on you that the memory of your darling is like a beckoning angel to thousands. If Rob had lived, I dare say I should never have said how I loved him; but no day passes, or will pass, without my thinking of him and you, and being thankful that my children have any kindred with him. Give my love to Frank and to your girls, each of them. Good bye, dear friend. God bless you and comfort you!

Your loving

MARY E. PARKMAN.

AMBLESIDE, March 24, 1864.

MY DEAR MRS. SHAW:

An hour ago arrived the precious portrait of your son; and it stands before me now, as it will for many a day, to cheer me for his country, and to melt my heart for you. I think you must have perceived that no one feature of this fearful war has interested people in Europe so much as the career and death of your son. Many hearts have been touched, and many minds enlightened, by that sacrifice, which were before blind and insensible.

While I was writing, Miss Arnold came in (Dr. Arnold's youngest daughter). She had told me before that she could not look at the portrait (the smaller one) without tears, for its singularly touching expression. You may imagine her pleasure at finding the larger one here, where she can come and see it whenever she likes. She and her mother are the best sympathizers I have here in the American war.

It is *so* good of you to send me this sacred gift, that I really do not know how to thank you. I can only assure you that it *is* a sacred possession to me, and that it shall go next to no one who does not regard it as I do, after I am gone.

Believe me, with much respect and sympathy,

Yours,

H. MARTINEAU.

[Atlantic Monthly, June, 1864.]

. . . . . At St. Helena's Island, notwithstanding the heat, we determined to celebrate the Fourth of July as worthily as we could. The freed people and the children of the different schools assembled in the grove near the Baptist Church. The flag was hung across the road, between two magnificent live-oaks, and the children, being grouped under it, sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" with much spirit. Our good General could not come, but addresses were made by Mr. P., — the noble-hearted founder of the movement for the benefit of the people here, and from first to last their stanch and much-loved friend, — by Mr. L., a young coloured minister, and others. Then the people sang some of their own hymns; and the woods resounded with the grand notes of "Roll, Jordan, roll." . . . . .

Among the visitors present was the noble young Colonel Shaw, whose regiment was then stationed on the island. We had met him a few nights before, when he came to our house to witness one of the people's shouts. We looked upon him with the deepest interest. There was something in his face finer, more exquisite, than one often sees in a man's face, yet it was full of courage and decision. The rare and singular charm of his manner drew all hearts to him. He was deeply interested in the singing and appearance of the people.

A few days afterwards we saw his regiment on dress-parade, and admired its remarkably fine and manly appearance. After taking supper with the Colonel, we sat outside the tent, while some of his men entertained us with excel-

lent singing. Every moment we became more and more charmed with him. How full of life and hope and lofty aspirations he was that night! How eagerly he expressed his wish that they might soon be ordered to Charleston! "I do hope they will give *us* a chance," he said. It was the desire of his soul that his men should do themselves honour, — that they should prove themselves to an unbelieving world as brave soldiers as though their skins were white. And for himself, he was like the Chevalier of old, "without reproach or fear." After we had mounted our horses and rode away, we seemed still to feel the kind clasp of his hand, — to hear the pleasant, genial tones of his voice, as he bade us good bye, and hoped that we might meet again.

We never saw him afterward. In two short weeks came the terrible massacre at Fort Wagner, and the beautiful head of the young hero and martyr was laid low in the dust. Never shall we forget the heart-sickness with which we heard of his death. We could not realize it at first, — we, who had seen him so lately in all the strength and glory of his young manhood. For days we clung to a vain hope; then it fell away from us, and we knew that he was gone. We knew that he died gloriously, but still it seemed very hard. Our hearts bled for the mother whom he so loved, — for the young wife, left desolate. And then we said, as we say now: "God comfort them! He only can."

During a few of the sad days which followed the attack on Fort Wagner, I was in one of the hospitals of Beaufort, occupied with the wounded soldiers of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts. The first morning was spent in mending the bullet-holes and rents in their clothing. What a story they told! Some of the jackets of the poor fellows were literally cut in pieces. It was pleasant to see the brave, cheerful spirit among them. Some of them were severely wounded, but they uttered no complaint; and in the letters

which they dictated to their absent friends there was no word of regret, but the same cheerful tone throughout. They expressed an eager desire to get well, that they might "go at it again." Their attachment to their young colonel was beautiful to see. They felt his death deeply. One and all united in the warmest and most enthusiastic praise of him. He was, indeed, exactly the person to inspire the most loyal devotion in the hearts of his men. And with everything to live for, he had given up his life for them. Heaven's best gifts had been showered upon him, but for them he had laid them all down. I think they truly appreciated the greatness of the sacrifice. May they ever prove worthy of such a leader! Already, they, and the regiments of freedmen here, as well, have shown that true manhood has no limitations of colour. . . . . .

MEMORIÆ POSITUM

R. G. S.

I.

Beneath the trees,
My life-long friends in this dear spot,
Sad now for eyes that see them not,
I hear the autumnal breeze
Wake the sear leaves to sigh for gladness gone,
Whispering hoarse presage of oblivion, —
Hear, restless as the seas,
Time's grim feet rustling through the withered grace
Of many a spreading realm and strong-stemmed race,
Even as my own through these.

Why make we moan
For loss that doth enrich us yet
With upward yearnings of regret?
Bleaker than unmossed stone
Our lives were, but for this immortal gain
Of unstilled longing and inspiring pain!
As thrills of long-hushed tone
Live in the viol, so our souls grow fine
With keen vibrations from the touch divine
Of noble natures gone.

'T were indiscreet
To vex the shy and sacred grief

With harsh obtrusions of relief;
Yet, Verse, with noiseless feet,
Go whisper: "*This* death hath far choicer ends
Than slowly to impearl in hearts of friends;
These obsequies 't is meet
Not to seclude in closets of the heart,
But, church-like, with wide door-ways, to impart
Even to the heedless street."

II.

Brave, good, and true,
I see him stand before me now,
And read again on that clear brow,
Where victory's signal flew,
How sweet were life! Yet, by the mouth firm-set,
And look made up for Duty's utmost debt,
I could divine he knew
That death within the sulphurous hostile lines,
In the mere wreck of nobly pitched designs,
Plucks heart's-ease, and not rue.

Happy their end
Who vanish down life's evening stream,
Placid as swans that drift in dream
Round the next river-bend!
Happy long life, with honour at the close,
Friends' painless tears, the softened thought of foes!
And yet, like him, to spend
All at a gush, keeping our first faith sure
From mid-life's doubt and eld's contentment poor, —
What more could Fortune send?

Right in the van,
On the red rampart's slippery swell,
With heart that beat a charge, he fell
Foeward, as fits a man:
But the high soul burns on to light men's feet
Where death for noble ends makes dying sweet;
His life her crescent's span
Orbs full with share in their undarkening days
Who ever climbed the battailous steeps of praise
Since valour's praise began.

III.

His life's expense
Hath won for him coeval youth
With the immaculate prime of Truth;
While we, who make pretence
At living on, and wake and eat and sleep,
And life's stale trick by repetition keep,
Our fickle permanence
(A poor leaf-shadow on a brook, whose play
Of busy idlesse ceases with our day)
Is the mere cheat of sense.

We bide our chance,
Unhappy, and make terms with Fate
A little more to let us wait:
He leads for aye the advance,
Hope's forlorn-hopes that plant the desperate good
For nobler Earths and days of manlier mood;
Our wall of circumstance

Cleared at a bound, he flashes o'er the fight,
A saintly shape of fame, to cheer the right
And steel each wavering glance.

I write of one,
While with dim eyes I think of three:
Who weeps not others fair and brave as he?
Ah, when the fight is won,
Dear Land, whom triflers now make bold to scorn,
(Thee! from whose forehead Earth awaits her morn!)
How nobler shall the sun
Flame in thy sky, how braver breathe thy air,
That thou bred'st children who for thee could dare
And die as thine have done!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

ON the 20th of February, 1864, at the battle of Olustee, in Florida, the Fifty-fourth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, under Colonel Hallowell, again greatly distinguished itself, and sealed the reputation it had so nobly and dearly won, under Colonel Shaw, in the storming of Fort Wagner.

On the 5th of March, 1864, in the city of New York, — through which, but a few months before, it had been deemed not prudent to allow the Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth Massachusetts Regiments to pass, — in the presence of enthusiastic thousands, among whom not a dissentient or disparaging sound was heard, a regimental flag, the gift of loyal women of the city, was presented to the Twentieth Regiment of United States Coloured Volunteers, by President Charles King, of Columbia College. In his eloquent address to the Regiment, he said : —

"I rejoice to see this day, I rejoice in the opportunity, beneath this glorious sun, and in the presence of this goodly assembly, and under the folds of our ever dear, honoured flag of the Union, to salute you, soldiers of the Twentieth Regiment United States Coloured Troops, as friends, fellow-countrymen, fellow-soldiers ; for I, too, have in other days

worn the uniform of the nation, and from my heart I honour it, and all who worthily wear it. . . . . .

. . . . . "To you, in addition to the appeal suitable to every soldier, lies, in a higher and holier sense, an appeal as emancipators of your own race, while acting as the defenders and champions of another. You are in arms, not for the freedom and law of the white race alone, but for universal law and freedom, — for the God-implanted right of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness to every being whom He has fashioned in His own image. When you put on the uniform, and swear allegiance to the standard of the Union, you stand emancipated, regenerated, and disinthralled, the peer of the proudest soldier in the land; and withered be the hand, and palsied be the tongue, that shall ever give consent to your being subject to other treatment at the hands of the enemy than such as is measured out to other soldiers of the republic. Prejudice, indeed, and the rancorous hate of brutalized minds, and the ingrained meanness of factious partisanship, may still throw obstacles in your way; but that way is *upward* and onward, and your march in it cannot be stopped, cannot be much delayed, unless by your own want of faith and want of work. To your own selves be true, — be true to your high mission as the vindicators and asserters of your worth as *men*, — and you cannot then be false to any one, or fail in any high and honourable endeavour. You may fall, as many of your race did fall, with the gallant, good young Shaw at Wagner, and the ignoble foe thought to dishonour that youthful hero's grave by heaping into it the corpses of his coloured soldiers. Dishonoured! Who would not die such a death, to be worthy of such a grave? Who that rightly feels would exchange that lowly resting-place on the barren shore of South Carolina, lulled by the eternal requiem of the solemn sea, for the proudest mausoleum in the loftiest temple built with human hands?

"No, no, my friends, you cannot be hindered now in your high calling. It is but to look back for a few years — nay, but for a few months — in this city, to realize what a forward step has been taken, and to feel quite sure that in such a path there is no step backward." . . . . .

On the 30th of April, 1864, the Congress of the United States passed an Act recognizing the absolute equality of all soldiers of the United States, without distinction of colour, and, by the same Act, rendered to the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment, and others similarly enlisted, the justice which had been so long withheld.

To the "good conduct, the distinguished proficiency in military discipline, the cheerful, enthusiastic, and persistent valour" of the FIFTY-FOURTH REGIMENT OF MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS, and to their determination, under every privation, to accept no position lower than that to which they were justly entitled, are to be attributed, in large measure, this full recognition of the equality of coloured soldiers, and the diminution, if not the ultimate destruction, of the monstrous and unfounded prejudice against their race.

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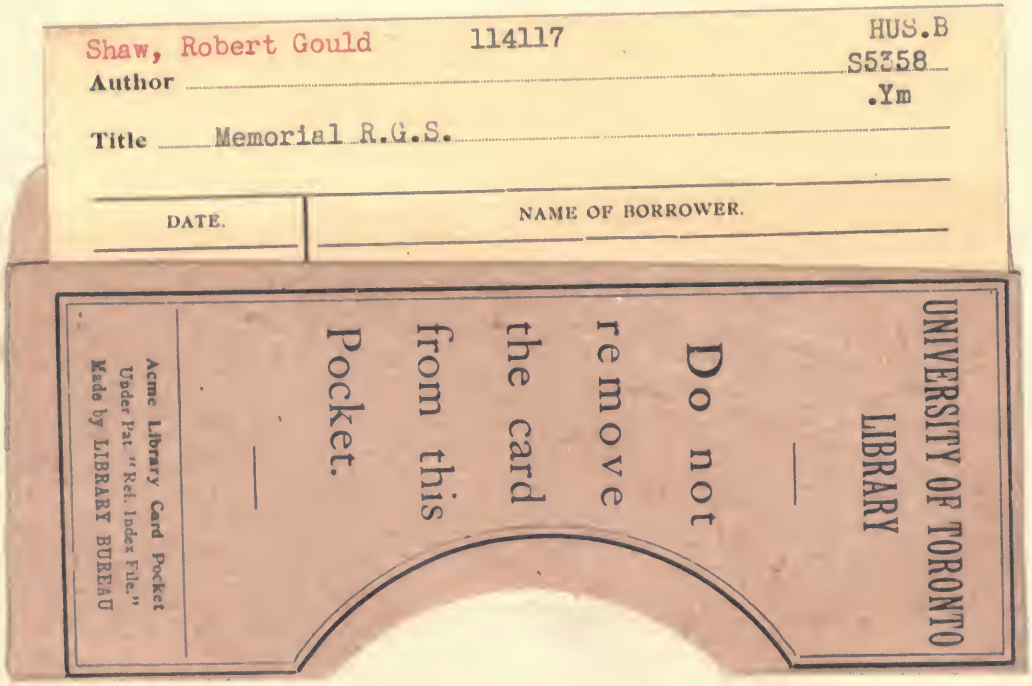
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